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COL. L. ROGERS DIES AT HIS HOME AT KANE.

He Passed Away Suddenly at 9:20 Tuesday Morning, May 18.

From McKean County Miner, May 20th, 1909.

The people of this community were greatly shocked Tuesday morning when a teleghone message from Kane conveyed the sad intelligence that Col. Lucius Rogers, postmaster at Kane, and one of the best known citizens of the county hpd passed away suddenly at 9:30 that morning at his home, in the eightieth year of a most useful life.

The immediate cause of his death was heart failure, brought about by a general decline in health which has been going on for the past two or three years. During the past winter he has been in poor health a greater part of the time although he had only been confined to the house a small portion of the time for short periods. The writer called on Mr. Rogers on Tuesday of last week at the Kane postoffice and although he had lost considerable flesh and was somewhat weakened from his previous illness, he appeared to be feeling quite well and the announcement of his death was a great surprise to the writer.

When we last saw him he was full of life and energy and as much interested in the affairs of Smethport as he ever was, and his long life has been full of activity energy.

Monday he was taken with a sinking spell while walking from his home to the postoffice (his first attempt since his recent illness) and had to be taken home in a carriage. He recovered quite readily and Tuesday morning felt quite well, but while dressing he suffered another attack from which he never revived—dying in short time.

Lucius Rogers was born in Genesee, Livingston county, N. Y., December 18, 1829. When he was about a year old his father moved his family to Jamestown, N. Y., where they lived until two years after his father's death, which occurred in August, 1847.

He received a limited education in the public schools of Jamestown, and at the age of 16 years entered the Journal office to learn the printing business. After serving three years he went to Warren, Pa., where for a year he worked as a compositor. Then he went to Syracuse, N, Y., where he remained for about six months. From Syracuse he moved to New York, where he was employed in a job office in the old Tribune building as a printer. Subsequently he worked in a number of New England cities and at Dansville, N. Y.

In 1851 Mr. Rogers returned to Warren and formed a partnership with the Hon. E. Cowan in the publication of the Warren Mail. In 1854 he was nominated by the Whigs as a candidate for county treasurer of Warren county and at the October election was elected by a majority of 159. At the session of the legislature in 1857, he was selected as transcribing clerk or the Senate of Pennsylvania, a position he retained only one session.

On February 28, 1858, Mr. Rogers purchased the Smethport Citizen from Prof. F. A. Allen. In 1860 the county of Cameron was formed partly from McKean county, and in the fall of that year he moved the Citizen office to Emporium, believing the Philadelphia & Erie railroad company would locate its shops there after the road had been completed to that point. The first number of the paper was issued December 28, 1860, and was the first paper ever published within the limits of that county. In a few months the Civil War began. The editor closed his office and enlisted. Under a commission issued by Governor Curtin, Mr. Rogers recruited Co. F of the 58th regiment in July, 1861, and was made its Captain and was afterwards promoted to Colonel. He served with this regimeut until the spring of 1853, when he returned the county and purchased the McKean Miner, which had been moved from Bradford to the county seat a year or two before. In 1870 he sold the paper and in January, 1884, repurchased it and returned to its pnblication.

In 1869 he was eleeted prothonotary and in 1871 was chosen to represent in the assembly the district composed of McKean and Potter counties, defeating F. W. Knox, of Potter. Mr. Rogers was the secretary of the State Constitutional convention of 1873 and for several years was secretary of the Republican State committee. For four years from 1879 to 1883, he was deputy secretary of internal affairs, during which term he lived at Harrisburg, and for eleven years was journal and reading clerk of the State Senate. He was elected county treasurer in 1889.

Years before the discovery of oil in McKean county, Col. Rogers had great faith in the existence of extensive coal beds in the eastern portion of the county and spent a small fortune in seeking to develop this theory. For a number of years he was president of the school board of Smethport and through his persistency with the support of other members of the board the foundation of Smethport's excellent schools was laid.

He built and operated the first steam saw mill ever erected in Potato Creek Valley. This mill was located at the junction of Potato and Marvin Creeks in the eastern end of this borough and which did active service until a few years ago. He was actively interested in the location of nearly every industry that ever came to Smethport and was a stockholder in the first oil wells drilled near this place, which subsequeutly opened the gas fields in this section. When the Camp Glass factory was located here he made a liberal donation in land and otherwise assisted in getting it located here.

About the year 1890 Mr. Rogers was interested in starting the Kane Republican and after selling the Miner to Olson & Gilbert in the fall of 1893, he took charge of that paper and moved to Kane. He continued to edit and manage that paper until he was appointed postmaster September 7, 1908.

On May 31, 1860, he was united in marriage to Miss Livia M. Goodwin at Kidders Ferry, N. Y., and commenced keeping house in Smethport. Four children were born to bless this union, three of whom survive, namely, Lucy, now Mrs. W. F. Shero, of Racine, Wis., Fantine, now Mrs. W. P. Burdick, of Kane, and Harry Smull of Mt. Jewett, Mrs. Rogers died at Smethport, July 27, 1889, aged 53 years.

On January 1, 1901, he was married at Harrisburg to Miss Sarah Campbell Gratz of that city, who with his three children above named survive to mourn the loss of a kind, indulgent, loving and honorable husband and father.

The deceased was a member of the different Masonic bodies, being a charter member of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., Bradford Chapter, No. 268, and Trinity Commandrey, No. 58, Knights Templar of Bradford, affiliating with that body in 1883. He was a charter member of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., of Smethport and was its commander one or more times. He was also a member of Kane Lodge of Elks.

Colonel Rogers enjoyed perhaps the most extensive acquaintance of any man in this county and he had as many friends as any man within its limits. And his acquaintances and friends were not limited by county or state lines. He was personally acquainted with practically every man of prominence in the state as well as many of the leading political and business men of the nation.

The deceased had one secret that was kept invoilate until his death and that was his age. He had always been an unusually and active man for his age and there were few people in the county that imagined that he was anywhere near 80 years of age, even though he aged very rapidly in the past two or three years.

In all his activity, business energy and reverses in Col. Rogers always had time to assist a person in need of help and many a man in this county can attribute his start in life to the aid of this man. He trusted his fellow men implicatly and althsugh he had been the victim of misplaced confidence in many instances, he never lost his faith in mankind nor soured on humanity. Like all prominent men in active business and political life he had his enemies, but even they admired him for his many manly qualifications, and will join with his host of friends in regretting that the last page of this interesting life is closed.

He was a full life from boyhood to the day that the earthly spark fled. It was full of work, full of pleasure, full of disappointments and yet always full of hope. He has never known what an idle moment was and therefore he never had time to give his troubles a chance to get a hold of him. He possessed a wonderful constitution and he never allowed himself to feel old, act old or look old. If a stranger had met him r week ago he would have called him an energetic man of sixty, capable of doing much for mankind in the next twenty years to come. His eyes were bright his mind was alert and his voice was as strong and clear as most men of half his age. The final summons came as a shock and brought with it a deep feeling of regret to every man, women and child in this section. He lived to a ripe old age and this community and the world in general is better for his having lived.

His remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery at Smethport last Friday morning.

DO you know what it means, boys and girls
Who hail from the north and the south—
Do you know what it means,
This twining of greens
Round the silent cannon's mouth,
This strewing with flowers the grass grown grave,
This decking with garlands the statues brave,
This flaunting of flags
All in tatters and rags,
This marching and singing,
These bells a-ringing,
These faces grave and these faces gay,
This talk of the blue and this talk of the gray,
In the north and the south Memorial day?

Not simply a show time, boys and girls,
Is this day of falling flowers,
Not a pageant play
Nor a holiday
Of flags and floral bowers.
It is something more than the day that starts
Warm memories a-throb in veteran hearts,
For across the years
To the hopes and fears,
To the days of battle,
Of roar and of rattle,
To the past that now seems so far away,
Do the sons of the blue and the sons of the gray
Gaze, hand clasping hand, Memorial day.

For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys and girls,
For the terror and loss as well,
Our hearts must hold
A regret untold
As we think of those who fell.
But their blood, on whichever side they fought,
Remade the nation and progress bought.
We forget the foe,
For we live and know
That the fighting and sighing,
The falling and dying,
Were but steps toward the future—the martyr's way,
Down which the sons of the blue and the gray
Look with love and pride Memorial day.

—Wide Awake.

Ascension Day Was Observed.

The Rev. Oliver S. Metzle, formerly a pastor at the Methodist Church at this place, preached a very impressive sermon to the Knights Templar at Williamsport last Thursday. The Williamsport News contained the following notice of the service:

Ascension day was appropriately observed by Baldwin II commandery No. 22 Knight Templar, at the Scottish Rite cathedral last evening. The auditorium was filed to overflowing, the center being occupied by members of the commandery. The Teteques played and vocal music was furnished by a quartet led by Sir George M. Busch. The Rev. Oliver S. Metzler, pastor of the Mulberry street Methodist church, preached an eloquent sermon, his tribute to the dead of the Masonic fraternity being particularly touching.

Great Celebration on the Fourth of July at Emporium This Year.

At a meeting of the Board of Trade a hustling Fourth of July committee has been appointed. Owing to the fact that the 4th falls on a Sunday the celebration will take place Monday afternoon, July 5th, at Keystone Park. All business men are requested to close their stores at noon on that day.

There will be something doing every minute, and the show will be as interesting as a three ring circus. Everybody in Cameron county should be at Keystone Park on that day (Monday afternoon, July 5th.) Don't forget to invite your out of town friends. Program will be announced later.

Examination of Candidates for Holy Orders.

The Examining Chaplains of the Archdeaconary of Erie are arranging to meet in Emporium for the examination of candidates for Priests Orders next Wednesday. The examiners are the Rev. J. E. Reilly, D. D., New Castle, the Rev. A. A. Benton, D. D., Foxburg, and the Rev. J. M. Robertson, Emporium. The candidates to be examined are the Rev. R. G. Roscamp, D. D., South New Castle, the Rev. Rager Charnock, Bradford, and Mr. Charles E. McCoy, Smethport.

This is a Billion Dollar Country.

Uncle Sam, according to law, gives for publication the total appropriations made by Congress each session. The showing of the last regular session was for a grand total of $1,044,401,857. "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm."

Granulated Sugar 25 pound sacks fo $1.45, at C. B. Howard & Co's.

Badly Injured

Engineer Frank Leary of Ridgway, in charge of engine 117, hauling the west bound local freight, in charge of conductor Michael Meenan, was struck in the head and severely injured at Grindstone bridge about one-half mile east of Huntley on Tuesday morning. Mr. Leary was leaning out of the cab window examining the injector pipe which was working badly and he did not notice his approach to the bridge which came in contact with his head, inflicting a severe glancing blow. The engine was cut off from the train and injured man was quickly taken to Emporium where he was met by Drs. Smith and Moorehouse and Rev. Father Downey. He was restored to consciousness and given everything in the power of the doctors to save his life. Strong hopes are entertained for his recovery, but he has sustained very severe injuries about the head. Mr. Leary was taken to Ridgway from Emporium on a special train and at this writing is resting as comfortably as can be expected. He is one of the oldest and most efficient enginmen in the service and his numberless friends along the line sincerely hope for his speedy recovery.

Big Shoot at Hicks Run May 31st.

There will be an all day shoot at the Hicks Run Gun Club grounds, on Monday, May 31, shooting to begin at 9 a. m. There will be a team race between DuBois, St. Marys, Emporium and Hicks Run Clubs for a trophy. John Spear, of St. Marys and E. W. Kelly, of Hicks Run, will shoot a contest of 100 blue rocks, each for a purse of $200, the one breaking the most takes the money. The Hicks Run Club has a fine ground to shoot on. All shooters invited. Come, get the old gun down and have a days sport in one of the livliest little towns in Cameron county. Don't tell about what you have done but come and show what you can do.

HICKS RUN GUN CLUB.

For Sale.

A one horse grocers' delivery wagon with top. Capacity 14 cwt. Almost new. Inquire of J. B. Meisel, Rockwell Block.

First Methodist Episcopal Church.

Class at 9:30 a. m., preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "The Good Fight." Sunday School at 11:45 a. m., Epworth League services at 6:30 p. m.

Don't forget! 3 cans Sweet Clover Peas, for 25c, at C. B. Howard & Co's.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

BURNETT.

WILLIE, the bright and interesting little son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Burnett, died at the home of his parents on West Sixth street early last Friday morning. His death was caused by an accident which happened a week previous to his death and was caused by jumping, having fallen and struck the back of his head, injuring his spine and neck. He did not complain of his injury until Saturday evening when Dr. W. H. Bush was summoned, who did all in his power to aid the little sufferer, but without avail The death was a terrible shock to Mrs. Burnett, who was at the time at Pittsburg, having been called there by the illness of her mother and she did not learn of Willie's death until her arrival at Emporium last Friday afternoon. Deceased was in his tenth year and had just passed a very satisfactory examination and had entered the fifth grade in our schools. The funeral was held last Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock from the family residence and services were conducted by Rev. J. F. Anderson, of the M. E. Church. Interment was made in the Wiley Cemetery. Many relatives from out of town were present at the funeral. The bereaved family have the sincere sympathy of the PRESS and the community at large in their sad bereavement.

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LEWIS:

The funeral of Mrs. Maranda M. Mason-Lewis, whose death was published in our last issue, took place from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Alex. McDougal last Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, and was private, confined strictly to the relatives of the deceased. Revs. Paul J. Lux, of the Presbyterian Church, and F. B. Schriner, of the Free Methodist Church, conducted the services. Interment was made in the family lot in the Newton Cemetery.

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DURK.

Phoebe Alice Durk, relict of the late Frank R. Morrison, passed to rest at her brother's residence—the old Durk homestead, South Pelham—after an illness of several months from tumor. Her late husband, a telegrapher, was killed on the Pennsylvania Ry., near Emporium, Pa., in June, 1907, and formerly lived in Welland.—St. C. Journal.

A Happy Man.

Robert Lyons, Assistant Supt., at the Climax Powder Works, passed the cigars to his many friends last Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons are rejoicing over the arrival of a nine pound baby boy, who made his appearance at their home on Thursday night. "Bob" is one of Emporium's happiest men and said he can only come up town about once a month now as the boy will take up all his spare time. Aere's hoping that the boy will live to be a blessing and honor to his devoted parents and be as good looking as his "Pa."

First Presbyterian Church.

Paul J. Lux, Pastor.

Morning Worship and Sermon, 10:30.
Sunday School, 11:45.
Junior Endeavor, 3:00.
Christian Endeavor, 6:30.
Evening Service, 7:30.
Last Sermon on Home Life. Subject. Breaking of Home Ties.

All are most cordially invited to attend.

Helen Taft at Gettysburg.

Miss Helen Taft, daughter of the President, has accepted an invitation to unveil the monument erected at Gettysburg, in memory of the Union Soldiers who participated in the Gettysburg campaign. The ceremony will take place on the 31st of this month and 2,000 regular troops will attend. President Taft will deliver the principal address.

Baptist Church.

JOHN L. BOGUE, Pastor.

10:30 a. m., Worship and Sermon. Theme, "The Invisible robe."

11:45 Sunday School Session, "Faith and Works."

6:30 Y. P. S. C. E., "Heroes of the Homeland."

7:30 p. m., Praise Service and Sermon. The pastor will preach a sermon appropriate to Memorial Day. Special music appropriate to the occasion will be rendered by the choir.

Company M.

Lieut. Ellis requests the boys of Company M who are under fifteen years of age to meet at the place of drill on Wednesday evenings at the usual hour

Just received a fresh invoice of Crackers and Cookies at C. B. Howard & Co's.

THE WEATHER.
FRIDAY, Showers.
SATURDAY, Showers.
SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS
First National Bank,
EMPORIUM, PA.

At the close of business, May 26, 1909.

$812,132.09.

STURDY OAK
has its beginning with the little acorn.
Likewise, the Tree of Fortune takes root with the opening of a saving account.
$1.00 Starts an Account.
3% INTEREST PAID ON SAVING BOOK ACCOUNTS AND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa.

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store,
Emporium, Pa. 12y

Emporium Hygenic Ice Company

The Emporium Hygenic Ice Company are rapidly pushing their plant towards completion and hope to soon be turning out pure ice for their numerous customers who are patiently waiting. They expect to be ready to deliver ice within ten days and announce the following rates:

Domestic use, 40c per 100 pounds, placed in refrigerator.

Meat Markets, Hotels, etc., 18c per 100, on curb; 17c at plant.

Coupon books, good for 500, 1,000 and 2,000 pounds are now ready. Will be ready to deliver ice between June 1st and 5th.

EMPORIUM HYGENIC ICE COMPANY.
May 18th, 1909.—14-3t.

Pastor Installed.

The Rev. Paul J. Lux, was installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church last Thursday evening. Several ministers from out of town assisted in the services. The Rev. Lux, although only being in Emporium a short time, has many friends here who sincerely hope that his stay with us may be a happy one and be continued for a long time to come.

Emmanuel Church Services.

May, 30, Whitsunday:—

10:30 a. m., Holy Communion and Sermon. Supject: Church Unity.

7:30 p. m., Evening Prayer. The Hon. Josiah Howard, who is a member of the Diocesan Committee on the Division of the Diocese, will address the congregation on the subject of the proposed division.

The offerings will be devoted to Diocesan Missions.

Tariff Bill Coming.

President Taft believes that the tariff bill will be in his hands not later than June 20th. Mr. Taft also adheres to the belief that when the bill does come from conference it will constitute a revision of the tariff in the generally accepted sense and it will be such a measure as will warrant his signature as a step in the right direction.

Property Improvements.

James Farrell is making preparations to raise his building, on West Fourth street, next door to the opera house, and will set the house back in the lot, leaving a space for a front lawn. This will add greatly to the appearance of the street and Mr. Farrell and family's comfort.

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W. D. White has raised his residence on Fourth street and has placed a concrete foundation under the same.

For Rent.

Living rooms for small family, Corner Fifth and Cherry street. Inquire of Arthur Frappier.

Lost.

White and Black Setter Dog. Finder please notify Dr. H. S. Falk and receive reward.

For Sale.

Some good medium sized potatoes for seed, at a bargain, cheap. Box 39, Cameron, Pa. 15-2t.

Union Teachers' Training Class.

The Union Training Class for Sunday School Teachers meets on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock in Emmanuel parish house.

Where did you get that stylish Straw Hat? At C. B. Howard & Co's

Linoleum at 99c per yard is getting scarce at C. B. Howard & Co's.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Men and Women.

When a man is left with a lot of motherless children on his hands, he usually scatters them among his relatives. If it is the woman who is left with fatherless little ones, she keeps them together and earns a living besides. Women develop great energy when left without a man. In fact, all the widows we know are getting along a great deal better than the married women.—Atchison Globe.

Coffins Made of Paper.

Some undertakers, whose customers are poor people, are using coffins made of paper. The coffins are made in all styles of pressed paper pulp, just the same as the common paper buckets. When they are varnished and stained they resemble polished wood, and in point of durability it is claimed they are much better than wooden ones.

Prepared for Death.

At the funeral recently of William Lakin, aged 90, in Stapenhill churchyard, Burton-on-Trent, England, it was found that he had bought his vault 30 years ago, and since then had personally bricked in his wife and daughter and other members of the family. He had lived within a stonethrow of the grave over 80 years.

An Egyptian Plumber.

"I think," said the professor, "from the utensils about him, that this mummy must have been an Egyptian plumber." "How interesting," mused his dreamy assistant, "could we but bring him back to life." The professor shook his head. "Too risky. Who's going to pay him for his time?"

True and Patient Work.

An idea arrives without effort; a form can only be wrought out by patient labor. If your story is worth telling, you ought to love it enough to work over it until it is true—true not only to the ideal, but true also to the real.—Henry van Dyke.

Genius Without Common Sense.

Adam Smith taught the world political economy—he hadn't sense enough to regulate his own affairs. Marchiavelli, prince of political strategists, whose cunning brain wove the most intricate webs of diplomacy, had not the quality to enable him to earn his daily bread.

Worth Choosing.

"In choosing his men," said the Sabbath-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink. He took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."

Theory and Practice.

"My dear, you can go to school with the children; some one is going to lecture on the curse of alcohol. I'll wait for you at the Blue Rock over a couple of mugs of beer."—Fliegende Blatter.

Said Uncle Silas.

"When a woman asks her husband to go out and pick up a basket of chips, she has in mind a different brand than hubby has."—Los Angeles Express.

That's So.

"The time, the place, and the girl. How seldom we see them together." "And another rare combination is the man, the scheme, and the coin."—Illustrated Bits.

Uncle Ezra Says:

It may be good teachin' to turn the other cheek to yewr adversary an' git it biffed, but my experience hez be'n that it is the best policy to get it out of his way.—Boston Herald.

Sacrifice Sales.

A department store is a place where prices are butchered to make a woman's holiday.—From "Pippins and Peaches."

Spend Much on Intoxicants.

On an average each resident of Berlin is said to spend one-eleventh of his income on intoxicating drink.

Good Sentiment.

It's a whole lot better to be sorry before you do it than after you get caught.—John A. Howland.

Laundries Use Much Soap.

It is estimated that the laundries of London, England, use 750 tons of soap in a week.

HER LITTLE HEART

By EARL MARBLE

Sweet Mollie, on Memorial Day,
Went out with blossoms richly laden,
To lay the blooms of dying May—
As sweet as flowers of fabled Aiden—
On graves of loved ones gone before,
"With just a handful," she said quaintly,
"For one who died 'mid battle's roar,"
And dropped them in a manner saintly.

"For Grandpa Gray," she said, as down
Upon his grave she dropped some roses—
"The red for glory and renown,
The white for thoughts as earth-life closes."
And then appeared young Harold Gray,
The grandson of the soldier sleeping,
While o'er her cheek the pink did play,
As from her heart the blood came leaping.

His clasp the maiden's soft hand sought,
The while they stood—half glad, half weeping—
He scattering flowers he had brought
Above the hero in death sleeping.
"'Twas nice you should remember him,"
He said, "by such a loving token."
"A hero," she replied, eyes dim—
"So all the neighbors oft have spoken."

They slowly, sadly turned away,
And soon the two were homeward walking—
Sweet Mollie Dean, brave Harold Gray—
Of things not in their thoughts just talking.
When suddenly "I've lost my heart!"
Her voice leaped upward like a rocket,
And back she made a sudden start—
"My heart!—my little golden locket!"

They backward went, and on the grave
Young Harold found it where 'twas lying,
And said, "I'll keep it," the sly knave—
To keep back tears was Mollie trying.
"O no, dear Harold, not this heart,"
She said, through tears so faintly smiling.
"The other, then?" he said, Love's art
The maiden's beating heart beguiling.

The Proper Salute to the Greatest of All the Flags

THE question of saluting the flag has been and is now being agitated extensively, with the laudable object of instilling into every youthful heart that patriotism without which no country can live. Saluting the flag may be new to some, but it is old to this writer. Away back in the 60's, when a tiny child of tender years, upon the death of my mother, my father being in the Army of the Cumberland, I was left in the care of the widow of the late Capt. John Cleves Symmes (of arctic fame), U. S. A.

Mrs. Symmes was the daughter of an army officer, Col. Pelchy, U. S. A., and the widow, first of Capt. Lockwood, U. S. A., then of Capt. Symmes, and was a most heroic army woman. At the time of which I write she was 80 years old, full of vigor and activity. The civil war engrossed her entirely. Everything she could do or say for her beloved union she said and did. Her energies were often directed toward me, and well have I cause never to forget the flag. From the time I could bend my tiny body I was "ordered" to salute it.

Promptly at 9 a. m. we often went on "parade"—that is, we walked out over the old streets of Newport, Ky., generally ending the day at the old barricks (now destroyed), to hear the band at the evening concert.

One of my childish honors was when, twice a year, we went to Cincinnati, where "grandma" received her pension from the government in gold. As we would approach the building on Third street, over which the flag was floating, "Salute the flag, child," she would command. Then she and I would make the French courtesy—she was French—bending from the waist, low, almost to the ground, and in the most profound manner, which seemed to me a kind of funereal performance. It always attracted the attention of surprised people. She never noticed them, but to me it was a real concern which the bright little gold dollar—my part of the pension—could not wholly do away with. Everywhere and under any circumstances I would never fail to salute that flag, and she saw to it that I understood why this act of reverence was rendered.

"It is your country," and later, "it is the union it represents, for which so many have laid down their lives to save."

One day there came a letter to me, all to my own little self, from my father, written on the battlefield of Shiloh. The envelope had a little flag in the left corner and had a narrow border in blue and red around it. Stationery was thus decorated in those war days. He had been wounded slightly in the shoulder and must go to the hospital. He wanted to write to his "darling child" himself, so that if his name appeared among the wounded or killed in the daily papers I might know the truth. While he wrote a large smooth chip of wood served for his writing desk and his back was braced against the huge forest tree from which the chip had been cut by some woodsman when the battle began. This friendly tree protected him as he wrote from the bullets, which were still flying, although the tide of battle had turned in favor of the union.

My father did not write how he had received the wound, but I learned afterward. During the fight—indeed, at the crisis—a standard bearer was shot through the head and he fell to the ground, bearing down the flag with the staff broken in twain. My father, standing near, saw it fall, and rushing to the spot raised the flag and carried it with both hands high as his arms could reach onward to the thickest of the fight. The regiment rallied and followed with all speed, and, alas! was cut to pieces.

My father's cap was shot from his head and he was wounded in the shoulder, but his act, I have been told, helped to save the day.

That impressed me greatly—the fact that my father had risked his life to keep that flag aloft. Surely I thought in my childish brain, as I tried to reason it all out, it must be something very, very great, and it would be a very, very wicked little girl or boy who could ever see that noble banner and fail to salute it.

At that time it was not customary, and few ever did it. Now it is generally observed; the only question raised is, What particular way is the best? I have seen many different forms of salute, and have read of many others, but to my mind there is none sweeter nor quainter than the one employed by a noble old lady and a little child, bowing low from the waist, with the right hand just raised to the forehead, then brought down to the right side in grateful and loving salute to the greatest of all flags—the Star-Spangled Banner.

THE STORY OF THE DAY

Memorial Day

SIR WALTER BESANT once pointed out the superior significance, interest and character of our national holidays. An Englishwoman last year discovered the beauty of our Memorial day. She was a guest in an old New England town, and missed nothing, either of preparation or observance.

She helped gather flowers for the children, who came begging them all day, and listened to their confidences: "My grandfather, he was a soldier. There's flowers and a flag on his grave, anyway, but we bring flowers, too." "This basketful's going to the ladies of the post; they're making up bouquets at the hall." "No'm, these ain't for the soldiers; they're for our baby. I've got enough to most cover the mound, it's so little." "My, them laylocks'll look fine on teacher's desk! Yes'm, we decorate for the exercises, and take 'em up to the cemetery afterward."

On Memorial day she attended the exercises; saw the rows of young faces turned attentively toward the fine old man in faded uniform, who spoke well and simply of the duties of a citizen in war and peace; heard the children sing; saw them salute the flag.

Then came the procession—the old soldiers, most in carriages, a sturdy few on foot; the town officials; the militiamen; the boys' brigade; the fire company. With the crowd she followed to the ancient burying-ground.

She saw blossoms and little waving flags placed where lay men who had served in the Spanish war, the civil war, the Mexican war, the revolution, and under a quaint stone, lichened and aslant, a soldier of King Philip's war; not one forgotten, not one neglected. She observed how everywhere, in every burial-plot, there were more flowers; how, naturally and simply, the day was coming to be one of remembrance, not of soldiers, only, but of all the honored and beloved dead; how friends, meeting among the fragrant paths, talked quietly of those gone, or of the great historic days; or noted with appreciation the grace of memorial garlands or the beauty of clustered flowers.

It happened that she was a woman who had seen parades and pageants and state solemnities in many lands. She had kept very silent, and her friend, fearing that, to her too-experienced eye, the dignity of the occasion might have been impaired by occasional crudities and rusticities, and a decoration here and there in obtrusive ill taste, expressed her doubts.

"No," said the Englishwoman. "Where all take part, there must be flaws like that. They are nothing. When I think that every year, everywhere in your great country, there are scenes like this, in a spirit like this—I believe I have never in my life seen anything so beautiful."—Youth's Companion.

Grow Too Old for Parades.

As a day celebrated only by veterans of the union army, Memorial day is rapidly slipping into the past. The veterans are growing too old for the parades which, until within a few years, were its most conspicuous feature. In the south, where Decoration day was formerly observed on different dates in different states, the custom has grown of celebrating May 30, which until recently was an exclusive anniversary of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Meaning of the Day

FOR forty-one years the north and the south—though on different days—have decorated the graves of their soldier dead of the mightiest war of modern times and the greatest war of all time in the cause for which it was fought. In the beginning the south, honestly and sincerely believing that it had a right to withdraw from the union, proposed to exercise this right peacefully if it could, forcibly if it must. Its complaint was that the north would not in good faith keep the national laws made to protect the domestic institution of the southern states—slavery—and was continually encroaching on it with new laws, and the south wished a separate government in which such laws would be supreme. The north insisted that the union was indissoluble; that once having entered it, states could not withdraw. As a question of law, this could never be settled.

It is pitiful to see how our fathers for years argued and demonstrated and quibbled over an interpretation while in the background loomed the real question, dimly discerned, never wholly confessed, and ignored, as much as possible; while as if to drown consciousness the talk about "interpretation of the constitution" grew ever louder, until the south struck. It ordained the dissolution of this union and fired on its flag. Then rose the curtain on the red drama that cost a million lives before the curtain fell.

Confused in the beginning, the theme gradually unfolded, the background became clear and the protagonists were disclosed in deadly strife, not over a petty text, but over the question of human freedom versus human slavery. The fathers had eaten the sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge. There could be no compromise. As long as this country was to be the heritage of those that made it, the one idea or the other must prevail. Freedom won—in a blaze of glory, with a trail of reflected light, seen clearer this day every year, as the diminishing ranks of the boys in blue march to lay flowers—the rue of sacrifice and rosemary for remembrance — on the graves of "Those that have died already."

This is the personal possession of the union soldier—that he fought for the cause of human freedom. And Memorial day has this wider and unique significance that it is not merely in memory of brave men who "gave the last full measure of devotion" for a cause they believed was right, but that that cause was human freedom! It abides. We that come after them have a like battle to fight, and the same old foe with a new face. All slaves are not black. All slavery has not the outward and visible signs of dungeon and the lash. We are still, as Lincoln said on the field of Gettysburg, "engaged in a great civil war testing whether a nation—conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal—can long endure." And in this war north and south clasp hands and stand shoulder shoulder.

Common to All Americans.

In many parts of the south Memorial day is now jointly celebrated by survivors of the blue and the gray, and the custom is growing. As the country comes more and more to cherish as a common inheritance the valor, fortitude and self-sacrifice of that conflict, it will become universal.

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

ANOTHER TERROR.

Frightened Pup—Gee! I always heard that women were going into everything; but I never knew there were lady dog catchers;

The Tyrrany of Yesterday.

There are some people over whom yesterday tyrannizes. That is to say, they shrink from doing to-day anything that differs in the least from what they did 24 hours ago. Emerson has called consistency, under some circumstances, "the hobgoblin of little minds," and Walter Bagehot has said there are many persons to whom it is a positive pain to entertain a new idea. This slavish defense to yesterday robs us of many a fine inspiration, and many a splendid opportunity. "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" we cower and falter and shrink upon the verge of great exploits and achievements merely because these would involve strange and unfamiliar experiences. Of death itself we are afraid, not because death is painful, but because it is different or seems to us different from what we have been doing all along.

Only Sure Cure for Tuberculosis.

In view of the constant agitation and misrepresentation with regard to the treatment of consumption, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has issued a statement in which it states that the only sure cure for this disease is fresh air, rest and wholesome food. Hardly a week passes without some quack "doctor" or "eminent specialist" informing the public that he has at last discovered the sure cure for tuberculosis. After examining every one of these so-called cures, several hundred in number, the National association states that, one and all, they are misrepresentations or fakes.

Who Said Them?

The golden text was "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and it had been recited to the class by a cherub on the front bench. Later in the afternoon the teacher, in the course of the lessons, had occasion to refer to the text.

"Now, children," she said, "who said those words?" and she repeated them. A hand went up from one of the larger boys on the back bench, and receiving permission to answer, he said, pointing to the cherub: "That little feller down there."

LIGHT BOOZE
Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

PRESIDENT TAFT ATTENDS CHARLOTTE CELEBRATION

Three Days' Carnival in the North Carolina City Marks the Anniversary of the Famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

Charlotte, N. C.—With three days of military drills, band concerts, speeches, athletic contests and other kinds of entertainment, the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the Mecklenburg declaration has been celebrated, and all North Carolina is happy in the knowledge that its pet legend has been recognized by the president of the United States; for Mr. Taft gave the occasion the official sanction of his presence and was the chief feature of the celebration.

The carnival began Tuesday noon when the Charlotte fire companies gave an exhibition of their skill and speed. At three o'clock there was a drill by a body of United States cavalry and a band concert at the fair grounds, followed by a league ball game. The evening was given up to a drill by the Charlotte drum corps and a concert by three bands.

Governors' Day Program.

Wednesday was designated as governors' day and the main event was the delivery of addresses by Gov. Kitchin of North Carolina and the chief executives of several other states, at the fair ground. These were preceded by a big athletic meet and followed by a cavalry drill, military maneuvers and band concerts, with another ball game thrown in for good measure.

Two events made the evening notable. The first was a May musical festival at the Auditorium which enlisted the services of a number of ex-

President Taft.

cellent soloists and a large and well trained chorus. The second was an illuminated parade given by the Order of Red Men.

President Taft Arrives.

Just at ten o'clock Wednesday morning the booming of a 21-gun salute by the Charlotte artillery notified the people that President Taft had arrived on his special train. Nearly all the inhabitants and the thousands of visitors were at the station, and as Mr. and Mrs. Taft alighted from their car they were greeted with a mighty roar of applause. A special reception committee took the distinguished guests in charge and conducted them to the Selwyn hotel, where they were welcomed by Gov. Kitchin, Senators Simmons and Overman and the mayor of Charlotte.

After meeting all the committeemen and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Taft, together with Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, the governor and mayor and other distinguished visitors, were escorted by a guard of old soldiers to a reviewing stand and witnessed a great parade of all the military and civic organizations that could take part in the celebration.

Mr. Taft Speaks Twice.

A second installment of the music festival in the Auditorium was graced by the presence of the city's guests, and then all returned to the reviewing stand, where President Taft delivered an address. His words were listened to with close attention and frequently elicited loud applause.

Later in the afternoon the president made a speech to the colored people and the students of Biddle university.

From 8 to 9:30 in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Taft held a public reception in the parlors of the Selwyn hotel and shook hands with thousands of people.

Military drills, band concerts and other entertainments were provided for the crowds all Wednesday afternoon and evening, and the great celebration closed in a blaze of glory.

Old Controversy Renewed.

The people of North Carolina, whose proudest boast has been that their ancestors were the first Americans to throw off the yoke of British rule, now rejoice in the feeling that President Taft has recognized the justice of their claim, but the century-old controversy has broken out afresh. Many historians refuse to accord to the pioneers of Mecklenburg county the honor that is thus accorded them. These historians allude to the story as "the Mecklenburg myth," and thereby arouse the anger of North Carolinians.

According to those unbiased investigators who have looked most deeply into the matter, the Mecklenburgers did hold a public meeting on May 31, 1775, and did adopt resolutions quite abreast of the public sentiment of that time, but not venturing on the deld of independence further than to say that these resolutions were to remain in force till Great Britain resigned its pretensions. In 1793, or earlier, some of the actors in the proceeding endeavored to supply the record from memory, unconsciously interminglings some of the phraseology of the Declaration of July 4, which gave the resolution the tone of a pronounced independency. Probably through another dimness of memory, they affixed the date of May 20, 1775, to them.

Case for Mecklenburgers.

The case for the Mecklenburgers is set forth as follows: In 1818 there arose a great rivalry between Massachusetts and Virginia as to which commonwealth should receive the credit for the Philadelphia document, and the controversy was brought up in congress. It was at this time that Davidson, a representative in congress from North Carolina, announced that Mecklenburg county had declared her independence 13 months before the promulgation of the document in Philadelphia.

While the statement created some surprise it resulted in an investigation into the facts as to the Mecklenburg declaration. This inquiry was made by Nathaniel Macon, who presented North Carolina in the senate, and through Gen. Joseph Graham and Representative Davidson, Senator Macon received from Dr. Joseph McKnitt Alexander, the son of John McKnitt Alexander, a full account of "the event," which Dr. Alexander said he had "copied from papers left by his father." This statement, which included the May 20th declaration, Senator Macon sent to Raleigh, N. C., and it was published in the Register on Friday, April 30, 1819.

Dr. Alexander's Story.

Dr. Alexander related at length how the farmers of Mecklenburg county in the spring of 1775 had called a convention to be composed of two delegates from each settlement in the county to meet May 19 to devise means for the assistance of the "suffering people of Boston and to extricate themselves from the impending storm." "Official news, by express, arrived of the battle of Lexington," according to Dr. Alexander's report to Senator Macon, and the influence of the news from Lexington, he added, resulted in the unanimous adoption of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence.

The declaration, as written by Dr. Brevard, and approved by the convention on May 20, 1775, reads:

"1. Resolved, That whosoever directly or indirectly abetted or in any way, form or manner countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country—America—and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man.

"2. Resolved, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown and abjure all political connection, contract or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

Declared Themselves Free.

"3. Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of the congress to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

"4. Resolved, That as we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt, as a rule of life, each and every one of our former laws, wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding privileges, immunities or authority therein.

"5. Resolved, That it is also further decreed that all, each and every military officer in this county is hereby reinstated in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz., a justice of the peace, in the character of a 'committeeman,' to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws, and to preserve peace and union and harmony in said county, and to use every exertion to spread the love of the country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province."

Blessings of a Diet.

Nowadays it's a godsend for a man to get rheumatism. Instead of filling him up with salicylic acid, iodine of potash and other atrocities to tear out his insides, intelligent physicians put him on a diet. When they cure him of being a hog they cure him of his rheumatism and everything else from a murderous liver to the disposition of a fiend.—New York Press.

MARRIAGE KNOT HAS BEEN UNTIED

MRS. HELEN KELLY GOULD IS GRANTED A DIVORCE FROM FRANK J. GOULD.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHILDREN

Charges Made Against Mr. Gould by the Referee Are Upheld by the Court—No Provision for Alimony.

New York City.—Mrs. Helen Kelly Gould was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Frank J. Gould by Justice Gerard in the supreme court. The decision was rendered on the report of Edward G. Whitaker, as referee, who decided that charges made against Mr. Gould had been proved.

Mrs. Gould is allowed the sole custody of the two children of the marriage, Helen Margaret and Dorothy Gould, from December to April, both inclusive, and the defendant may have them from May to November, subject to certain modifications. The defendant is held responsible for the education of the two children and also for their medical attendance. No provision is made for alimony for Mrs. Gould nor is the name of any co-respondent mentioned by her referred to.

After setting for that the referee has found that the material allegations in the complaint have been established, Justice Gerard says in his order: "And it appearing to the satisfaction of this court that the defendant has been guilty as charged in the complaint, it is ordered and decreed that the said motion be granted and the report of the referee confirmed in all respects and the marriage dissolved."

The Goulds were married in this city on December 2, 1901. Mrs. Gould is a daughter of the late Eugene Kelly, the banker, and is wealthy in her own right, having inherited a large fortun. from her father.

NEW FUEL FOR POWER PLANTS

John Jacob Astor Has Applied for a Patent for a Machine to Utilize Peat Deposits.

New York City.—Col. John Jacob Astor has applied for a patent for a machine which, it is hoped, will make possible the utilization of peat deposits as a fuel for power. The current number of the Scientific American, containing an account of the process, says that Col. Astor intends to present it to the public in the hope that it may be of wide general use.

Col. Astor is about to try out his invention at his own place, Rhinecliffe-on-the-Hudson. He will erect a 150-horsepower plant and attach it to a stone crusher. If the peat gas succeeds in running this it is believed an interesting engineering advance with far-reaching effects will have been achieved.

NEW FIELD FOR COLLEGE MEN

A Practical Street Railway Training School Has Been Planned by a New York Man.

New York City.—A practical street railway training school, the first one of its kind in the country, has been planned by Oren Root, Jr., general manager of the Metropolitan Street Railway Co. The expenses of the school, which will be open to college and scientific school graduates, will be borne by the railway company. The pupils will be paid living wages while taking the two-year course.

The difficulty of obtaining high-class men who are willing to begin at the bottom and learn the street railway business was what led Mr. Root to try the experiment. The prospectus of the school and application blanks have been mailed to the presidents of 19 colleges and scientific schools.

ST. PAUL PIONEER-PRESS SOLD

It Is Understood that the Two Papers Will be Issued from the Dispatch Plant.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Pioneer-Press announces that the owners of the St. Paul Dispatch have purchased the controlling interest in the Pioneer Press. The announcement says:

"Our reasons for making the sale were, first, that the price was satisfactory. The stock of the company was widely scattered and much of it in the hands of owners not in a position to take business risks. Further, the wide distribution has always made difficult the concentration of authority so necessary in newspaper management."

It is understood that the evening edition of the Pioneer Press will be discontinued and that the two papers will be issued from the Dispatch plant.

Insurance Broker Suicides.

New York City.—"Come at once to the Grand hotel. I'm up here and must see you on earnest business." This was the message Charles E. Sexton, an insurance broker, gave to his son over the telephone. Carrington Sexton, the son, an architect, hurried to the hotel and, entering a room his father had engaged, found him unconscious and dying from six bullet wounds. Sexton shot himself in the mouth, death ensuing a few hours later. The insurance broker was 63 years of age.

CLARK STATUE UNVEILED

ACCEPTED BY GOV. DENEEN FOR PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Statue of the Soldier and Explorer, Erected by the State of Illinois, Is Dedicated at Quincy.

Quincy, Ill.—Illinois' tribute to Gen. George Rogers Clark, the revolutionary soldier and explorer, an heroic bronze statue, was unveiled in the presence of an immense concourse of people. Gov. Deneen accepted the monument on behalf of the people of the state.

The statue, which is nine feet high, is the work of Charles J. Mulligan of the Chicago Art institute. The base of the monument, designed by W. Carbys Zimmerman of Springfield, the state architect, is of gray granite on a cement foundation and is 18 feet high.

Statue of George Rogers Clark.

The monument was obtained at the instance of Senator Campbell S. Hearn of the Thirty-sixth district. Several years ago when Senator Hearn, who was a confederate soldier, was eating dinner at the Planters' hotel in St. Louis, Col. Henry Watterson of Louisville, Ky., came and took a seat opposite him. Col. Watterson soon began to tell of George Rogers Clark and his work. He expressed the opinion that Illinois should build a monument to his memory. Senator Hearn at once declared that it should be done, and at the next session of the legislature introduced the bill that provided for the memorial.

CUTS CHILDREN'S THROATS

Woman Then Slashes Her Own—Two of the Children and the Mother Are Dead.

East Hampton, Conn.—Mrs. Jennie Carsten, 38, wife of Louis Carsten, formerly a sea captain, killed two of her children and herself at the Carsten farm near here. She cut the throats of the children and then her own. She also slashed the throat of a third child, a boy, and, while he is in an extremely critical condition, he may recover. It is believed that Mrs. Carsten was out of her mind.

Mrs. Carsten lived long enough to reply to her husband, when he asked the reason for her acts: "I wanted to die and I wanted to take the children with me. I didn't want to leave them." It was stated by her husband that she had been subject to mental trouble and that she had at one time had treatment in a western sanitarium. They had moved to the country from Brooklyn, N. Y., last November, for quiet.

TRADE CONDITIONS IMPROVE

The Domestic Agricultural Conditions Are Excellent—Fine Showing in Iron and Steel.

New York City.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Almost every development, except the lengthening debate on the tariff, is favorable, and the gains made in spite of the tariff disturbance are a fair indication of what may be expected when that is out of the way. The domestic agricultural conditions are excellent, and yet the prices of farm products continue to advance.

The area of improvement in iron and steel is rapidly widening, and a notable event of the week is the restoration of wages by the independent producers. The reports of the railroads are of steadily increasing business.

Struck Baby, Threw It Into Pool.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Mrs. Mary Boch of the village of Rudyard is under arrest here pending an investigation of the death of her two-months-old baby, which was found dead in a pool in the woods. She is thought to be demented and is said to have confessed that she killed the infant by striking it on the head with her fist before throwing it into a pool.

Guilty of Killing Her Mother.

Clayton, Ala.—Mrs. Hattie Pope was found guilty of the murder of her mother, Mrs. Mary King, at Montevallo, on March 4, and was sentenced to serve 99 years in the penitentiary.

Tried to Banish Evil Spirits.

Seattle, Wash.—R. C. McIntosh, 41, a ranchman, was found in his log cabin with his hands and arms so severely burned as to require amputation. McIntosh said he had tried to rid himself of evil spirits.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS'

5 DROPS
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
NEURALGIA and
KIDNEY TROUBLE

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

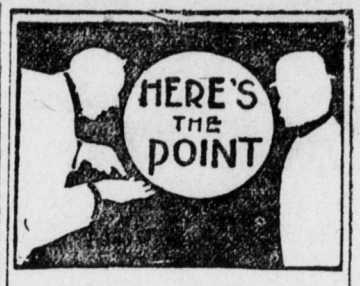
FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.

"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
Dept. 80. 160 Lake Street, Chicago.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community *there's a reason.* People go where they are attracted—where they *know* what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUT
CONFECTIONERY
Daily Delivery.
All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Enlarging Your Business

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

JOB PRINTING We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Publisher.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

A COMMON ERROR.

The Same Mistaks is Made by Many Emporium People.

It's a common errror
To plaster the achiag back,
To rub with liniments rheumatic joints,
When the trouble comes from the kidneys.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills.

And are endorsed by Emporium citizens.

Mrs. Anna Zimmet, W. Fourth St., Emporium, Pa., says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for years and though I doctored and used numerous remedies I could get no relief. I had backsche, pains through my loins, severe headaches, and a constant feeling of languor and depression. The kidneys were much disordered and the secretions passed so frequently as to cause me great annoyance. I finally learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box from Taggart's drug store. I am now seldom troubled with backache. My kidneys have been strengthened and I feel better in every way. I strongly advise anyone suffering from kidney trouble to use Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Pure Maple Sugar and Syrup, at C. B. Howard & Co's.

What Tonics Are.

When the papers are full of advertisements for this or that great tonic, people are apt to be tempted to try them, but it does not take long to discover that after all there is nothing equal to Sexine Pills for any form ot nerve weakness in men and women. We seldom find anybody who can say he or she was cured by this or that wine, extract or liquor, but almost any one can testify to the great nerve and body-building qualties of Sexine Pills. Sexine Pills are absolutely guaranteed. Each box has a cash coupon in it. They cost $1 a box, 6 boxes for $5. Four months' treatment for $5. Sold by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is good for cuts, burns and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitues. Sold by all druggists.

Heart-burn, sour risings, belching, dull, heavy feeling and such things are caused by indigestion. Kodol stops them by digesting all the food you eat.

Biliousness and Constipation.

For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me. I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been to-day had I not tried Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablet's. The tablets relieve the ill feeling at once, strengthen the digestive functions, purify the stomach, liver and blood, helping the system to do its work naturally.—Mrs. Rosa Potts, Birmingham, Ala. These tablets are for sale at Taggart's.

The Best on Earth.

Protection against Accidents and Sickness is an absolute necessity. It costs but $5.00 a year for $15.00 weekly benefits, and $2,000 death claim. The only policy paying such liberal benefits. This Company also writes policies for $10.00 and $25.00 per year. Liberal commissions to agents, by the German Commercial Accident Co., Phil'a, Pa. W. R. Sizer, Gen'l Agent, Sizerville, Pa. C. R Husted of Emporium, is a representative of the Company. Drop him a postal—He will do the balance. In case of sudden injury this Company provides temporary relief to the amount of $25.00, if notified by wire of an accident. 17-ly.

Cedar Shingles $4.50 per thousand at C. B. Howard & Co's.

For Rent.

A good house, located on West Creek Road, one mile west of Emporium Will give work for rent.

13-tf. E. J. ROGERS.

REDUCED RATES TO GETTYSBURG,
Dedication Regular Army Monument.

On Monday May 31, Memorial Day, the monument to the regular army engaged in the battle of Gettysburg will be dedicated on the Battlefield by the United States Government. President Taft will participate in the ceremonies.

Excursion tickets to Gettysburg will be sold by the Pennsylvania Railroad from all principal stations May 27 to 30, good to return until June 3, inclusive, at reduced rates.

317-14-2t.

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano forte has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs. Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable.

44-tf.

Living Rooms for Rent.

Convenient suite of living rooms, over our store, for rent, Apply to

MRS. E. S. COPPERSMITH.

Deer Brand Tomatoes, 3 cans for 25c, at C. B. Howard & Co's.

Aunt Martha's Memorial Day

IF you ain't never had no Aunt Martha in your family, ma says that you have missed one of the best things that ever happened in this world. She is ma's oldest old maid sister. Well, now, you needn't turn up your nose! She ain't one of them sour, lean, cranky, weazened, vinegary dispositioned, spit curl, spitfire, oilcloth fading critters—not by a long shot! She's short, stout, white and carries a smile that warms and lights a hull room, just as when father lays a fire in the fireplace.

Some folks say that the reason she ain't married is because she ain't never had no chance. Ma says 'tain't so. For five years Uncle Silas' hired man, Henry Peters, kept company with her, ma says, and come to see her every Wednesday and Saturday night right

"I'LL GO IN YOUR PLACE."

through corn plantin', hayin', harvestin' and thrashin', no matter how busy.

I have heard ma tell the story about Henry Peters a good many times. Henry lived alone in a little house on Uncle Silas' farm, which jines ours—that is, Henry roomed there. Uncle's house was pretty small for the growin' family, so the hired man slept there. So did extra help durin' hayin', harvestin' and thrashin'.

It is a little two room affair. Aunt Martha lives there all alone now except when she is stayin' with some of the relatives, helpin' care for the sick, layin' out the dead or something like that. And it keeps her pretty busy, because both pa and ma have a grist of brothers and sisters livin' in these parts.

Well, durin' the war ma says pa was drafted. It didn't seem as if he could be spared. Ma had been sick all winter and had run up an awful doctor's bill. The crops had been mighty poor the season before, almost a failure. There wasn't enough sold from the farm to keep us going and pay the interest on the mortgage.

There was no money to pay for a substitute, and things did look blue. Through the orchard one mornin', scythe on shoulder, come Henry Peters, who had learned of the trouble. Pa was out by the pigpen when Henry walked up to him, placed his hand on pa's shoulder and said: "Uncle Hiram"—he always called pa that, they say—"I'll go in your place. I am a single man, without any ties. No one cares for me, and there is none dependin' on me as there is on you."

Pa bursts into tears and says, "Henry, I have no money to pay you."

"Drat the money," says Henry, hangin' up his scythe in the apple tree by the pump.

Henry went to the county seat and 'listed and went to war. Ma says there was a tearful partin' between Aunt Martha and Henry, she guessed, because Martha's eyes was most swelled shut next day, but her smile was still there.

Good news was heard from Henry. He was brave and got to be second lieutenant till at some big battle, the name of which I forget, he was among the missin'. From that day to this nothin' more has been heard from Henry Peters. Aunt Martha was clean heartbroken, ma says, but she went about her work, carin' for the sick and layin' out the dead, as usual. Aunt Martha organized a society, ma says, to send lint bandages, canned fruits and jellies to the sick and wounded in the hospitals and worked on that all the time she could spare from family matters.

Henry Peters' scythe hangs out in the apple tree right where he left it when he went to war. Pa said none of us boys should tech it, and we never have. The blade is terrible rusty—sp'iled, I guess—but nobody has ever dared take it down.

Aunt Martha never goes to Memorial day down at the Forks, and I often wondered why. All the rest of us do, rain or shine. I didn't think I could go this year, because I was just over the mumps and it was a coolish day, with a raw wind. Just over the hill from our house, at its foot, runs the road to the West Branch cemetery, and, while it is out of sight of the house, you can hear the band as it marches by, but you can't see anything. It is quite a ways round by the road, but cross lots it ain't far.

Ma left her blanket shawl and my pea jacket lyin' on the sofa in the sittin' room, intendin' to take them along to use if we got cold, and in the excitement of gettin' started forgot 'em. "Georgie," she says to me—ma always calls me Georgie when she wants me to do anything—"can't you run home and get our wraps that I laid out on the sofa?" I hated to. The procession was just formin' for the cemetery—the band ahead, next the orator of the day and the preachers of the town in carriages, then the flower wagon, with the little girls dressed in red, white and blue; next the Grand Army post, Woman's Relief corps, followed by citizens in carriages and on foot.

I hustled along home, and when gittin' near the house I thought I would steal in and see what Aunt Martha was doin' and mebbe I would find out why she don't ever go to Memorial day. The doors was all open. I slipped into the sittin' room and found the things as ma said. Then I went into the buttery by the window and listened and watched.

I heard Aunt Martha comin' downstairs. Instead of bein' dressed in white, as usual, she had on a dress as black as night and wore Aunt Patience's bonnet and veil that she got when Uncle Wall was killed on the log slide up Kittle creek.

The band was marchin' along the road to the graveyard. I could hear the dirge, and Aunt Martha walked with slow step, keepin' time to the sad music, around the house, out to the pump, where hung the scythe that Henry Peters hitched up there before he went to war. There Aunt Martha stopped. She had a book in her hand, and I heard her read somethin' from it. It is somebody's oration; can't remember the exact words, but it is something like this: "We cannot concentrate; we cannot dessicate this hollowed ground." It's a noble piece. I have heard it read on many a Memorial day by some lawyer at the Forks durin' the exercise. It winds up, "A government from the people, with the people, to the people, shall not perish from off this 'ere earth."

After this I heard Aunt Martha sayin', "We will now percede to decorate the graves of our fallen heroes." And she stepped up and hung a wreath of everlastin' flowers on that old scythe snath. Then she dropped on her knees, bowed her head, clasped her hands as if she was makin' a prayer to God. I could look no longer and took my sneak. I felt mean to think I spied on her, but now I knew why Aunt Martha never went to Memorial day.

I went back to the cemetery, and ma was glad to get her wrap. After drivin' all around through the graveyard and lookin' at the decorations we went to the ball game and saw the Catlin Hollow Daisy Cutters mow down the Stony Fork Giants by a score of 34 to 26.

We got awful cold goin' home, but when we all piled out there was a big fire in the elevated oven kitchen stove, the table was spread with a white cloth and a dandy supper ready, thanks to Aunt Martha—eggs "boiled just three and one-half minutes in the shell and sure the water's boilin'," says she; potatoes cut up fine; cooked in ham grease and then cream poured over them, which she knows so well how to fix; fresh apple sauce, warm biscuit, honey, spiced peaches and a one egg cake as light as a feather. Aunt Martha in her white dress, warmin' us all with her smile, bustlin' about, helpin' us kids off with our things and givin' us several helpin's of our favorite dishes.

After supper I teased ma to walk out to the pasture with me and see some new lambs that had come while we were gone to Memorial day, and then while walkin' back I told her what I saw about Aunt Martha. She just broke down and cried and said she had never knew such love and de-

A WREATH OF EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

votion. She made me promise not to tell, and I never have, nobody but you. But you won't give me away, will you?

I have been thinkin' what ma said. For the life of me I can't see why Aunt Martha's dressin' up in Aunt Patience's widder's weeds and goin' out to the pump and hangin' a wreath of everlastin' flowers on Henry Peters' rusty old scythe that has hung there for forty years has anything to do with love and devotion. Can you?

A Story of Grant.

General Fred Grant's favorite story of his father is one that very aptly illustrates that great soldier's faculty of sizing up a situation in a few words.

"We had an old coachman," he says, "who was not the brightest man in the world, but what he did not know about a horse was not worth knowing. Mother used to call on him to do all sorts of things that were not in his line, and old John, of course, was always making mistakes to annoy her. Once she sent him to the bank to do some business, and he did it wrong. She told father about it and said:

"'I guess you'll have to let John go. He never does as he should anything I want him to do.'

"'Well, mother,' said my father, 'if John could do everything you want him to do, and do it right, he would not have to be our coachman.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Relic of John Brown

IN a very dilapidated condition—in the midst of the accumulation of old casting boxes and scrap lumber in the yard of the Emery company's copper smithy on Railroad row, Springfield, Mass., now given over to the tender care of rats and pigeons, with an occasional tramp drifting in as an extra guest—stands the identical warehouse used by John Brown and his sons, John junior and Jason, between the years 1847 and 1851.

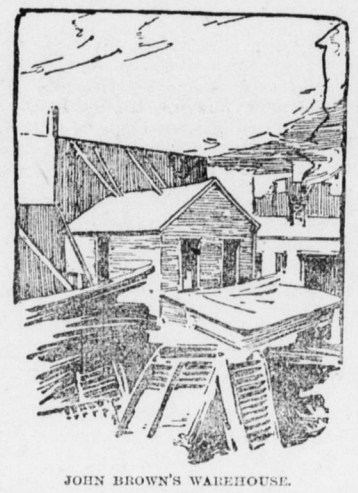
John Brown had lived in Massachusetts before. He studied to be a minister in the family of Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield just before he reached his majority in the winter of 1819. At that time he was described as "rather tall, sedate, dignified," and he was sent back to his father's tanyard in less than a year because of inflammation of the eyes.

In the warehouse John Brown worked daily with his men, some white and some colored, sorting, classing and transshipping wool. There (1848) Frederick Douglass called upon him and "was surprised to find him in such a small wooden house on a back street."

In that same year Brown, elated at his successful sales, "plunged" to the extent of going to Europe to interview English buyers. It is related that he was phenomenally astute in grading wool by the sense of touch. A half dozen Englishmen met the Yankee farmer and, having heard of his keenness in this particular, resolved to put it to the test. He was led into a dark room in which three small sample packets were lying. Brown instantly detected which was Saxony, which was from Ohio, but at the third he hesitated a moment. Turning to the jokers, he said, "If you have any sausage machines in England that will work up dog's hair, put this in it!" The laugh was on his companions, for they had indeed used the shearings from a poodle to fool him.

Brown greatly endeared himself to the blacks. In his Springfield warehouse he formed a lodge of "Springfield Gileadites," primarily aimed to protect the negroes from gathering trouble with the whites. Forty-four members joined, Beverly C. Downing heading the list. He would have them come to the downstairs, low ceilinged office an hour before work began in the morning, and they were there far into the night after work was over.

The late Thomas Thomas, long a restaurateur in Springfield, was engaged at the very first of Brown's career in



JOHN BROWN'S WAREHOUSE.

that city as a porter. He said that when he asked Brown how early in the morning he should come to work the reply was, "We usually begin work at 7, but come earlier, for I want to talk with you." He declared that Brown was wont to talk by the hour with white or black sympathizers.

It made little difference how pressing the business; the enthusiast was always ready to call a halt when the opportunity to exploit his views presented itself. He preferred to do most of the talking and appreciated a good listener.

In the collated correspondence of Brown there are two later items having a distinct bearing upon this wool working Springfield era. On the copy of Brown's letter to his son John, as given in Dr. G. W. Brown's book, appear these words apropos to the father's elation at making a business connection with Colonel Perkins (Jan. 11, 1844):

"This, I think, will be considered no mean alliance for the poor bankrupt and his family in a manner so unexpected. I most certainly hope we will have the wisdom given us to make the most of it."

In the letter quoted in Frank B. Sanborn's book, under date of April 16, 1858, when he was rapidly nearing his self imposed martyrdom, addressing "dear wife and children, every one," Brown speaks of "the liabilities I incurred while connected with Mr. Perkins" and further says, "Most of you know well I gave up all I had to Perkins while with him."

It was somewhat startling to see recently, after almost sixty years have passed, on the great billboard which now completely hides this dilapidated tumbledown wool storage warehouse from passers on the railroad, the lurid advertisements of a traveling "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, with fugitive slaves being chased by bloodhounds, when less than three [illegible] base of the same [illegible] stands the same counting room which he rented in 1839. Very dearly [illegible] such scenes from the lips of old "Ossawatomie" Brown himself, even then planning the tragic course which led him at last to the Harpers Ferry raid and to the gallows.—Boston Globe.

What the Professor Wanted.

The professor steps into the barber chair and assumes an attitude of premeditation.

"Hair cut, sir?"

"Please!" The barber cuts his hair.

"Like a shampoo?"

"Um—please!" He gets the shampoo.

"Shave you, sir?"

"Um—yes!" One shave.

"Massage?" He nods assent and consequently is massaged. The barber removes the towel; the professor arises and mechanically takes the proffered check.

"What's this?"

"Your check, sir."

"My check?"

"Certainly, sir—hair cut, shampoo, shave and massage."

The professor rubs his hand over face and head.

"Did I get all that?"

"Surely, sir."

"It's queer—very queer—most extraordinarily queer! A most wonderful example of philosophical phenomena!"

"What's queer?" asks the barber in dismay.

"Why, the working of the human mind. What I came in for was to get my razor honed."—Puck.

What Constitutes Baseball?

The essential apparatus of baseball is simple and inexpensive. All that is required is a field, a stick, the ball itself and police protection for the umpire. One advantage of the game as played professionally is that those sitting in the grand stand can play the game a great deal better than the eighteen men on the diamond. It is also true that any one of the spectators, even though perched on a telephone pole across the street or looking through a knothole in the fence beyond right field, can judge of the pitcher's skill or the runner's fleetness much more intelligently than the arbiter who stands behind the battery. The great merit of the game is that the people can participate in it. It is not like bridge whist. Its science is not synonymous with silence. The thing to do is to take off your coat and root as long and as loudly as you can, even if you don't know what is happening.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH

Colonel John L. Clem's Story of How He Got Into the Regular Army.

An interesting story is told of the way Colonel John L. Clem, the famous "drummer boy of Shiloh" and now assistant quartermaster general, got into the regular army. In the early days of General Grant's first term as president Clem, without aid, secured an audience.

The president said, "What can I do for you?"

Clem said, "Mr. President, I wish to ask you for an order to admit me to West Point."

"But why," said the president, "do you not take the examination?"

"I did, Mr. President, but I failed to pass."

"That was unfortunate," said the president. "How was that?"

"Why, Mr. President, you see, I was in the war, and while I was there those other boys of my age were in school."

"What!" said the president, amazed. "You were in the war?"

Clem was then scarcely eighteen and boyish looking.

"Yes, Mr. President, I was in the war four years." And he related his experience.

The president then wrote something, sealed it and, handing it to Clem, said: "Take this to the secretary of war. I guess it will fix you all right."

Clem went to the secretary, to whom he had already applied, and was received somewhat coldly. He delivered the note. The secretary read it and said:

"Do you know what this is?"

"No," said Clem, "but I supposed it was an order to admit me to West Point."

"Well, it isn't," said the secretary. "It's an order to commission you second lieutenant in the regular army."—Leslie's Weekly.

Hooker's Grand Chestnut Charger.

General Hooker probably had the finest looking horse in the Union armies. This was Lookout, a horse of rich chestnut color, standing seventeen hands high and possessing all the dainty and elastic action of the most delicately fashioned colt. This was the horse, Kentucky bred, which bore Hooker during the "battle above the clouds." The horse was intended for exhibition in England, but got no farther than New York, where Hooker bought him, although having to compete with the agent of the emperor of France, who wanted him for his majesty Louis Napoleon.

Close Quarters.

At the battle of Charleston, Mo., in August, 1861, Lieutenant Colonel Ransom of the Eleventh Illinois was urging his men to the charge when an officer rode up to him and said: "What do you mean? You are killing our own men." "I know what I am doing," replied Ransom. "Whom are you for?" "I am for Jeff Davis," was the reply. "You are the man I'm after," returned Ransom, and instantly two pistols were drawn. The Confederate fired first, hitting Ransom in the arm. Ransom shot his antagonist dead.

The Watch Below.

Bring blossoms for the sailor dead
Who sleep in ocean graves.
Bring fragrant lilies, pale and pure
To float upon the waves,
And dewy purple lilacs, too,
From many a cottage home,
And starry daisies, white and gold,
To mingle with the foam.

How Sherman "Put the Lid On"

DURING the siege of Atlanta some of the Confederate batteries opposing Sherman on the west front of the city were sheltered from attack by a mountain which could not readily be scaled by Federal artillery. After long delay and tedious labor the light field-pieces of the Eleventh Indiana battery were hauled to the crest of the mountain, where the men of the Second Massachusetts had cut a roadway and constructed earth and log pits to shield the guns. A day was fixed, the earliest possible, to open fire upon the lines below. Sherman, General George H Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," "Fighting Joe" Hooker and General J. M. Brannan, Thomas' chief of artillery, were on the ground to witness the effect of the fire, which was expected to open the way for a success-

"WE WILL NOT OPEN FIRE TODAY."

ful attack upon Confederate positions which baffled the advance of Thomas' troops.

The time was August, and the heavy, stifling atmosphere inclined the men of both armies to suspend activity. The stillness of death reigned everywhere except around the isolated battery on the mountain top. There the gunners moved with the grim energy of soldiers facing a crisis. Guns were trained upon the most conspicuous and vulnerable targets. Sherman and his lieutenants stood apart, scanning with fieldglasses the camps where the shots were to strike.

At last the signal was given. Batterymen went forward to pull the lanyards and send the shots home, when attention was diverted by the soft pealing tones of a bell trembling on the heavy air across the valley. Louder and still louder the measured chimes sounded over the city, over the camps, up to the mountain crest. Sherman raised a warning finger to gunners, who looked into the eyes of their officers for explanation of this strange gesture. The officers, equally nonplused, looked to the generals, and Sherman spoke out calmly, but in tones for all to hear, "Gentlemen, we will not open fire today." Then, turning to the chief of artillery, he said, in the same quiet tones, "General Brannan, you will open fire tomorrow."

"Today" was the Sabbath, a day, according to Sherman's orders, not to be interrupted by the inferno of guns and shells.—Harper's Weekly.

Minus the Picture.

The bridge builder with Stonewall Jackson's army was a rare character if the following story be true:

The Union soldiers, retreating from the valley of Virginia, burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson, who wanted to pursue, sent for his old bridge builder.

"Sir," he said, "you must keep men at work all day and all night and finish that bridge by tomorrow morning. My engineer shall give you the plan."

Old Miles saluted and withdrew.

Early the next morning the general sent for Miles again.

"Well, sir," said Jackson, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?"

"General," said the old man slowly, "the bridge is done. I don't know whether the picture is or not."—Herald and Presbyter.

Swearing In the Cook.

The darky contrabands who frequently strayed within the Union lines were often very acceptable as servants, particularly as cooks. The noncommissioned officers frequently had a heap of sport with these unsophisticated negroes. Occasionally there was great formality in swearing in these cooks. The drums would be sounded or the bugles blown, and amid much impressive pomp the darky would assume his new duties, having sworn to perform them properly, to support the constitution of all the loyal states, clean the plates without wiping them on his coat sleeve, solemnly swearing to put milk in the coffee every morning and other like deeds.

The Unknown Dead.

Now many a soldier slumbers,
His resting place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strewn.
The drifting soil, the molderin; leaf,
Along the sod were blown.
His mound has melted into earth;
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead.
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or raining in the summer's wind,
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

The Only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar —made from Grapes—

Royal Baking Powder has not its counterpart at home or abroad. Its qualities, which make the food nutritious and healthful, are peculiar to itself and are not constituent in other leavening agents.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, letter or personally.

Russell McQuay was a social visitor at Driftwood, between trains last Sunday.

Will Provins, of Olean, was a guest at the home of Joshua Bair and family, last Sunday.

Miss Etta Holcomb, of this place, called on friends at Wilcox, last Saturday evening.

H. M. Olmsted, of Ridgway, was a guest of his father, H. C. Olmsted and family, last Sunday.

Mrs. William McCaslin, of Hicks Run, was a business caller at Emporium the last of the week.

J. Raymond Cook, who is working at Ridgway. was a guest of his parents at this place over Sunday.

Judge J. A. Wykoff, of First Fork, was a business caller at this place between trains last Saturday.

Misses Ellenore Christler and Lillian Cotter, of this place, were guests of relatives at St. Marys, over Sunday.

Mrs. C. W. Gray and Miss Verle Strolmeyer, of Sinnamahoning, were shopping at this place last Saturday.

D. H. Robertson and little son, of Calder, were business callers at this place on Monday.

E. B. Saunders, of Buffalo, the congenial hardware salesman, made his regular trip to this place the last of the week.

Miss Margaret Dodson and Mr. John Murray, of this place, were guests of Ethel Fisher, at Howard Siding, last Sunday.

J. H. Stephens, our popular young business man, called on friends at Driftwood and other points East, the last of the week.

Mrs. Gordan McGiffin, of Ridgway, was a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hertig and family, the last of the week.

Mrs. George Neidlinger, of Ridgway, is a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Weisenfluh and family, on Fifth street.

H. D. Burlingame, of Altoona, a former business man, of Emporium, and a native of Portage, was a business caller at this place last Saturday.

Mrs. J. M. Robertson and children are at Monticello, N. Y., visiting her mother, who is in poor health. They will be absent until the last of June.

Miss Margaret Dodson and Miss Mayme McCabe, of this place, are spending the week with friends at Coudersport and will attend the Commencement exercises.

Capt. J. C. Johnson, a prominennt citizen of Emporium, was in the city on Tuesday, enroute to Coudersport where he had legal business.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Mrs. M. H. Bissell, mother of Mrs. Josiah Howard and Mrs. Cavey, who has been spending the winter at DeLand, Florida, has returned to McEwensville, Pa., where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mullin, Mr. E. W. Gaskill and daughter, Miss Perna, and Mr. and Mrs. Willis Gaskill, are attending the Knights Templar Conclave at Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. Perce Fry and son, who have been spending a few weeks with friends at Williamsport, has returned to this place and are guests at the home of James Wright and family, on Fourth street.

R. K. Goding, editor of the Kane Daily Republican, made Emporium a short visit Friday enroute to Smethport. He was guest at the New Warner and met many friends here. Mr. Goding publishes a lively paper and does vailant work for the Republican party.

W. H. Smith, of Lumber, visited in Emporium between trains on Monday.

Miss Edna Auchu, of this place, is the guest of friends and relatives, at Williamsport.

L. H. Bruner, of Calder, was a business caller at Emporium, between trains on Tuesday.

Misses Blanche and Elizabeth Ludlam transacted business at Buffalo for a few days this week.

Mrs. N. J. Swartz, of this place, spent the first of the week with relatives at Lock Haven.

C. C. Lowrey representiug the Nickle Plate Railraod transacted business in Emporium on Monday.

Miss Neoma Whitmire has resigned her position at the Novelty Incandescent Lamp Factory and is preparing for her summer vacation.

Miss Ruby Eddy, of Port Allegany, attended the funeral of Willie Burnett last Sunday and was a guest of Miss Mayme Cummings.

Bing Hemphill accompanied Wm. Stephens to the Williamsport Hospital on Monday where Mr. Stephens will receive treatment.

Miss Amy Hertig, a bright and interesting little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hertig, is visiting her sister Mrs. S. G. McGiffin at Ridgway.

Dr. and Mrs. DeLong, who have spent the winter at Emporia, Fla., have returned to this place, where they will remain during the summer.

Messrs. George Balcom and Dawson Wright spent last Tuesday fishing in the vicinity of Cameron and Hunts Run.

Prof. C. E. Plasterer was a business caller at the PRESS office last Monday afternoon. The summer normal is well attended this year having at present about twenty enrollments.

Joe Rowley, manager of the F. E. Rowley builder's supply store, on Third street, made a business trip to Buffalo the last of the week.

Mrs. W. E. Devling, of Sterling Ru and daughter Mrs. Kale Swartz, of Sinnamahoning, were guests at the home of Asa Murray and family last Sunday.

Dr. E. O. Bardwell, of Emporium, was in Ridgway to-day a few hours between trains, the guest of his uncle, Dr. J. S. Bardwell. He came at this time on account of another uncle, Mr. Chester Bardwell, of Ohio, being here for a visit.—Ridgway Daily Record.

Post Master Charles Seger was called to Buffalo last Friday by the illness of his son Harold who has been attending school at that place. They returned to Emporium on Friday evening and we are pleased to state that Harold is able to be around again at this writing.

Mrs. H. W. Smith, of the Goodyear, accompanied by her dog "Babe" took a "look in" at the New Warner in Emporium on Tuesday. The Pennsylvania railroad is a big and powerful concern, but when it undertakes to do dirt to "Babe" Smith it will find the other members of the Smith family on hand to enter a protest.—Austin Autograph.

Two mounted bears in the bar room of the new Franklin Hotel are attracting a great deal of attention. They are cubs about six months old, which were caught during the winter by Al Russell. of Emporium, and when captured weighed 86 and 87½ pounds. They were mounted at Williamsport. —St. Marys Gazette.

Hon. Geo. J. LaBar one of our most substantial and popular citizens, was considerably indisposed last week, no doubt due to over-exertion in catching trout and working in the garden. He is right side up now and, with his good wife, is taking in the Kuights Templar Conclave at Philadelphia this week. Cameron county don't want to spare such good citizens as Judge La Bar for many years to come.

Mrs. J. A. Fisher is on a visit to Elmira and other New York state cities.

Ed. Hughes has been on the sick list this week.

Andrew Housler will be taken to the Ridgway hospital to-day to receive treatment for cancer.

W. G. Bair went to Williamsport last Tuesday evening to visit his family, who are visiting relatives at that place.

Dr. S. S. Smith, of this place, departed for Seattle and other points west on Wednesday morning, to be absent for several weeks. Dr. DeLong is taking care of his patients.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Diehl, of Cleveland, are guests at the home of the latter's parents, Hon. Geo. J. LaBar and wife.

Baby is Dead!

The following beautiful piece is from the *Telegraph Operator*:

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line, copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into deep reveries of all that these words may mean.

Somewhere a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as the skies of June dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose leaf fingers were wont to wander lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in coffined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder nots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching hearts away.

A tiny mound, snow covered, in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch, uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hope of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead."

Thos. Gallager, accompanied by the Misses Mazie Gallagher and Flora Schlect, are spending a few days at Philadelphia and Washington, D. C.

Railroad News.

It is the policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad system to give to the public, through the newspapers, prompt and accurate information concerning any accidents which may occur on its lines.

Whenever an accident happens, a statement giving all essential facts will be made public by the Company at its general offices, in either Philadelphia or Pittsburg, according to whether the wreck is on the Lines East or West of Pittsburgh. Such statements will also be given out at offices of Division Superintendents, where inquiry is likely to be made. Correspondents and editors of newspapers at intermediate points can obtain informatiou by communicating with the nearest Superindent's Office of the General Offices.

It must be obvious that upon occasions of wrecks it is impracticable for miscellanous employes to give out information. They have specific duties to perform in caring for the passengers and in reopening the line to traffic.

Weddings.

Married at my residence May 19,1909, Reuben D. Baner and Katherine H. Pistl. Rev. Paul J. Lux, pastor of First Presbyterian church.

Married at the residence of the bride on Spring street on May 20th, 1909, William Henry LaBell and Lillian Anna Kampher by the Rev. Lux, of the Presbyterian church.

Ice.

Pure artificial ice at 40c per hundred for domestic use.

D. C. HAYES.

One Was Enough.

The British academy once had printed a few copies of an important book for presentation to some foreigners who, from their prominence in the scientific world, were best entitled to be honored with the gift. Professor Airy, the astronomer royal, was requested to make a selection of the names. A few days after he had sent in his list he was informed by the secretary of the admiralty that "my lords" were struck by the number of unknown names included and that they wished to make an inquiry on the subject. Airy asked the secretary for some specifications as to the names referred to.

"Well, as an example," said the secretary, "here is the name of Professor C. F. Gauss of Gottingen. Who is he?"

"Gauss is one of the greatest mathematicians of the age and stands among the two or three most eminent masters in physical astronomy now living. Who else do you wish to know about?"

"No one else. That will do," replied the secretary.

Taking It Out In Trade.

The proprietor of a certain Turkish bath establishment, seeing a strong looking young man working in a butcher's shop and being impressed by his magnificent muscles, told him to resign and take a rubber's position with him.

"I'll give you more than you are getting now," he said.

The young butcher, resigning in good faith, turned up the next morning at the bath house.

"Well," said the proprietor to him, "I'll put you on at once. What did you get at the butcher's?"

"Six dollars and my week's meat," returned the young man.

"What did that amount to?"

"About $3."

"Well," said the proprietor, "I offered you more to come here, didn't I? I'll give you $6 in money and $4 worth of baths weekly. That is a dollar more than you got at your old place."

Dutch Engagements.

A custom among the Dutch is the exchanging of engagement rings, which are narrow bands of plain gold, with the initials of the betrothed and the day of the betrothal engraved on the inside. They are worn on the left hand before and on the right after marriage. Dutch engagements extend over a period of from two to five years. During this time the young woman gives up all amusements in which her fiance does not participate. If he is not of the dancing sort she refrains from that recreation, however much she may desire to engage in it. She never goes in company anywhere if he is not present, and when they go together to a ball no gentleman will ever ask her to dance without formally gaining his permission. — London Scraps.

The Sure Thing.

A theatrical manager once offered a famous actress $1,000 a week to make a tour of the world. She insisted on $1,500. But the manager said $1,000 was all he could give, and he reminded her of the fabulous jewels that South American millionaires, Russian grand dukes and Indian rajahs are wont to lavish on the ladies of the stage when they are touring.

"Go home," said the manager; "think the matter over and let me know your decision in the morning."

In the morning the actress sent the manager this message:

"Give me my terms and you can have the jewels."

Little Barbara's Complaint.

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He preached a whole s-sermon—about—M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said—a—w-word about me."—Lippincott's.

The Complaint.

A magistrate looked at a disreputable specimen of manhood in the dock and turned to the policeman. "Officer," he asked, "what is the complaint?"

"Rheumatiz, y'r honor!" exclaimed the prisoner, answering for himself.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—Wordsworth.

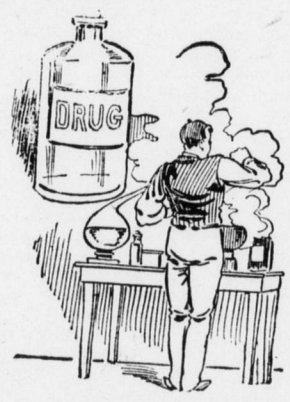
EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., May 8, 1909.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 80
Felt's Fancy, "	1 80
Pet Grove, "	1 80
Graham, "	90
Rye "	75
Patent Meal "	55
Buckwheat Flour	85
Buckwheat Flour, 10lb sack	35
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 70
Chop Feed, "	1 70
Matchless Egg Maker, per 100	2 10
Sylva Chick Feed, per 100	2 10
Cracked Corn per 100	1 70
Screenings "	1 70
Chicken Wheat "	2 15
Oil Meal "	1 90
Middlings,	1 70
White Middlings,	1 75
Bran,	1 70
Corn per bushel,	95
Oyster Shells, per 100	75
White Oats, per bushel,	67
Seed Oats per bushel	70
Buckwheat	
Alfalfa Meal	1 40
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed,	At Market Prices

Disinfect



Some disinfectants and germicides might be classed as drugs but, you do not want to be drugged just now with a bug killer. However, now is the time to think of getting after the rose bugs and currant worms.

We have a full line of the "remedies" for that class of pests. Also a non-poisonous bed bug exterminator in small cans.

R. C. Dodson

WE SATISFY THE PARTICULAR

CHAPNELL PURE OLIVE OIL 25, 50, 75c

DAY'S
The Satisfactory Store

ELITE LOBSTER & SALMON 15,25 30, 35c

GETTING UP HIGHER.

Choicest Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

Notable Kitchen Specialties

The standard which the customer sets for the grocer is getting higher. It doesn't do for the grocer to carry simply staples, he must do this and more We strive to meet the requirements of all.

Offer this Week Friday and Saturday,

Sugar—25lb Bag best granulated Sugar, $1.45
Spring Brook Creamery Butter 30c lb.
Choice California Lemons, the dozen 20c
Pure Lard in bulk, a lb. 14c.
Six lbs Laundry Starch in bulk for 25c.
California Lima Beans, very choice, a lb. 8c.
20c Blended Coffee, 18c, 2 lbs for 35c.
Heinz 20c plain Pork and Beans the can 18c.
50c Ceylon or Oolong Tea a lb 40c.
Three 10c pkges imperial Wine Jelly for 25c.
28c Yellow Crawford Peaches, the can 23c.
Two 15c cans Spinach for 25c.

GET YOUR SHARE OF THESE GOOD VALUES.

Fresh Caught Lake Fish LEAVE ORDERS FOR DELIVERY FRIDAY MORNING

FREE DELIVERY to all parts of Town
Twice Each Day

You Get Better Values Here.

J. H. DAY,

Phone 6. Emporium.

RESOLVED
THAT YOU CAN TELL PEOPLE BY THEIR CLOTHES THEY CAN TELL YOU BY YOUR CLOTHES. IN BUSINESS OR SOCIETY GOOD RAIMENT IS A GOOD RECOMMENDATI
DONT YOU WANT TO BE
DRESSED
BUSTER BROWN
R.F. Outcault
COPYRIGHT 1906 BY THE BUSTER BROWN CO. CHICAGO
WHO IS THIS?

YOU KNOW WHO THESE TWO LITTLE PEOPLE ARE WHO HAVE GONE AWAY FROM THEIR CLOTHES, DO YOU NOT? NOW DO YOU SAY THAT YOU CANNOT TELL PEOPLE BY THEIR CLOTHES? WHAT STRONGER ARGUMENT THAN THIS CAN YOU WISH, TO CONVINCE YOU THAT YOU SHOULD DRESS WELL? WE CAN DRESS YOU WELL IN THE FOLLOWING.

SKIRTS FROM $2.90 TO $12.50
SUITS FROM $10.00 TO $29.00
SHIRT WAISTS FROM 50C TO $10

SPECIAL PRICES IN ALL TRIMMED HATS, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

MRS. E. S. COPPERSMITH.

NEW LIFE AND STRENGTH

Obtained Through Proper Action of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Josiah Straw, 526 N. Broadway, Canton, So. Dak., says: "I suffered for some time with rheumatic pains in my limbs and was weak and languid. The irregularity of the kidney secretions also caused much annoyance. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I did not have these troubles. They seemed to put new life and strength into my system and helped me in every way. My husband had an experience almost the same, and it is with pleasure that we both recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHERE PAT DREW THE LINE.

Patient and Long Suffering, But No Man with a Face Like That Could Work with Him.

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on for 11 o'clock, and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "Smoke-o."

He had just filled his pipe, and was about to light it when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features.

Slowly removing the pipe from his mouth, he said: "Be-e-egorra, Oi've wor-rked wid Germans and Hengar-rrians, and Oi've wor-rked wid Oitalians and naygers, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work besoide me, I gets up."

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

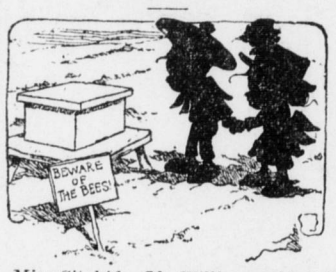
Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

Cuticura Met with Great Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, '08."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

BRIGHT IDEA.



Miss Citykid—Oh, Willie, wouldn't it be lovely if we could catch one and take it home and tame it?

Cause for Relief.

An Alabama man tells of an unique funeral oration delivered in a town of that state not long ago by a darky preacher.

Now, it seems that the habits of the deceased brother had not been irreproachable, to the great scandal of the worthy pastor of the flock. So, in summing up the case at the funeral, the preacher delivered himself of the following:

"My brethren and sisters, we are here to pay our last sad respects to our departed brother. Some says he was a good man, and some says he was a bad man. Where he has gone to we can't tell, but in our grief we have one consolation, and that is—he's dead."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Swinburne and the Cabman.

In his youthful days Swinburne had a quarrel with a cabman over his fare. The cabman abused the poet mercilessly. Addressing him Swinburne said: "And may I invite you to descend from your perch and hear how a poet can swear?"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Two Ways.

"Does Mrs. Gabby disseminate circumjacent information?"

"No, she doesn't; she just gossips about the neighborhood."

SERIAL STORY

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

(Copyright, 1906, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle. Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, became the boy's pal. They attended a theater where Hawkshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella. Vernon met Philip Overton, next in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a duel which was interrupted. Vernon, Overton and Hawkshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella. The Ajax in battle defeated French warships in the Mediterranean. Richard Glyn got £2,000 prize money. He was called home by Lady Hawkshaw as he was about to "blow in" his earnings with Vernon. At a Hawkshaw party Glyn discovered that Lady Arabella was a poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for gaming.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The noise of the controversy was heard all over town, and it was discussed in Berkeley Square as elsewhere. Lady Hawkshaw was no longer a subscriber to Almack's. Not being able to rule it, she had retired, the assembly rooms not being large enough to hold herself and a certain other lady.

Giles had told me that on the evening of the ball he and other gentlemen interested in the victory for Mrs. Trenchard would escort her to the ball. So at eight o'clock I proceeded to the lady's house in Jermyn street, and saw her set forth in state in her chair. She was blazing with diamonds, and looked like a stage duchess. A long company of gentlemen with their swords attended her, and Giles and my Lord Winstanley led the procession. Mrs. Trenchard was the best imitation of a lady I ever saw, as she sat in her chair, smiling and fanning herself, with the linkboys gaping and grinning at her; and the gentlemen, especially such as had had a little more wine than usual, shouting: "Way for Mrs. Trenchard! Make way there!"

Yet it seemed to me as if she were only an imitation, after all, and that Lady Hawkshaw, with her turban and her outlandish French, had much more the genuine air of a great lady. Mrs. Trenchard would go to Almack's on any terms, but Lady Hawkshaw would not go, except she ruled the roost, and fought gallantly with the duchesses and countesses, only retiring from the field because she was one against many.

I followed the merry procession until we got to King street, St. James', where the coaches were four deep, and footmen, in regiments, blockaded the street. Giles and Lord Winstanley were to take Mrs. Trenchard in, and very grand the party looked as they entered. By that time, though, I was very miserable. I remembered that at the same time the next night I might not have my friend. I hung around among the footmen and idlers, watching the lights and listening to the crash of the music, quite unconscious of the flight of time, and was astonished when the ball was over and the people began pouring out. Then, afraid to be caught by Giles, I ran home as fast as my legs could carry me.

When I reached Berkeley Square it was altogether dark, and I realized that I was locked out.

I looked all over the front of the house, and my heart sank. There was a blind alley at one side, and I remembered that in it opened the window of Sir Peter's study, as he called it, although, as I have said, it was more like the cubby-hole of the Ajax than any other place I can call to mind. The window was at least 20 feet from the ground, but a waterspout ran up the wall beside it, and to a midshipman, used to going out on the topsail-yard, it was a trifle to get up to the window. I climbed up, softly tried the window, and to my joy found it open. In another minute I was standing inside the room. I had my flint and steel in my pocket, and I groped about until I found a candle, which I lighted.

I had often been in the room before, but its grotesque appearance struck me afresh, and I could not forbear laughing, although I was in no laughing mood. There was a regular ship's transom running around the wall. The whole room was full of the useless odds and ends that accumulate on board a ship, all arranged with the greatest neatness and economy of space, and there was not one single object in the room which could possibly be of the slightest use on shore.

I looked around to see how I could make myself comfortable for the night, and, opening a locker in the wall, I found a collection of old boat-cloaks of Sir Peter's, in every stage of dilapidation, but all laid away with the greatest care. Taking one for my pillow and two more for my coverlet, I lay down on the transom and, blowing out the candle, was soon in a sound sleep.

I was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the chiming of a neighboring church bell, and at the same moment I saw the door to the room noiselessly open and Lady Arabella Stormont enter, carrying a candle which she shaded with her hand. I involuntarily covered my head up, thinking she had probably come in search of something, and would be alarmed if a man suddenly jumped from the pile of boat-cloaks. But she went to a glass door which led out upon a balcony, with stairs into the garden, and unlocked the door. I had completely forgotten about these stairs, not being familiar with the room, when I climbed up and got in through the window.

Presently I heard a step upon the stairs, and before the person who was coming had time to knock Lady Arabella opened the door. The rosy dawn of a clear June morning made it light outside, but inside the room it was quite dark, except for the candle carried by Lady Arabella.

A man entered, and as soon as he was in the room, she noiselessly locked the door, and, unseen by him, put the key in her pocket.

As he turned and the candlelight fell upon his face I saw it was Philip Overton. Amazement was pictured in his face, and his voice, too, when he spoke.

"I was sent for in haste, by Sir Peter, just now," he said, with some confusion.

At which Lady Arabella laughed, as if it were a very good joke that he should find her instead of Sir Peter. Meanwhile, my own chaos of mind prevented me from understanding fully what they were saying; but I gathered that Lady Arabella had devised some trick, in which she had freely used Sir Peter Hawkshaw's name, to get Overton there in that manner and in that room. Sir Peter was such a very odd fish that no one was surprised at what he did. It was no use striving not to listen—they were not five feet

Opening a Locker I Found a Collection of Old Boat Cloaks of Sir Peter's.

from me—and I lay there in terror, realizing that I was in a very dangerous position. I soon discovered that Overton's reputation for lately-acquired Methodistical piety had not done away with a very hot temper. He was enraged, as only a man can be who is entrapped, and demanded at once of Lady Arabella to be let out of the glass door, when he found it locked. She refused to tell him where the key was, and he threatened to break the glass and escape that way.

"Do it then, if you wish," she cried, "and rouse the house and the neighborhood, and ruin me if you will. But before you do it, read this, and then know what Arabella Stormont can do for the man she loves!"

She thrust a letter into his hand, and, slipping out of the door to the corridor, as swiftly and silently as a swallow in its flight, she locked it after her; Overton was a prisoner in Sir Peter's room. He tore the letter open, read the few lines it contained, and then threw it down with an oath. The next minute he caught sight of me; in my surprise I had forgotten all my precautions, and had half risen.

"You hound!" he said. "Are you in this infernal plot?" And he kicked the boat-cloaks off me.

"I am not," said I, coolly, recalled to myself by the term he had used toward me; "and neither am I a hound. You will kindly remember to account to me for that expression, Capt. Overton."

"Read that," he cried, throwing Lady Arabella's letter toward me. I think he meant not to do a dishonorable thing in giving me the letter to read, but it was an act of involuntary rage.

It read this:

I know that you were to fight Mr. Vernon at eight o'clock this morning, therefore I beguiled you here; for your life is dearer to me than anything in heaven and earth; and I will not let you out until that very hour, when it will be too late for you to get to Twickenham. You will not dare to raise a commotion in the house at this hour, which would ruin us both. But by the jeopardy in which I placed myself this night, you will know how true is the love of

ARABELLA STORMONT.

I confess that the reading of this letter made me a partisan of Overton; for surely no more unhandsome trick was ever played upon a gentleman.

There was nothing for it but to sit down and wait for eight o'clock. Sir Peter's family were late risers, and there was little danger of detection at that hour. So we sat and gazed at each other, mute before the mystery of the good and evil in a woman's love. I confess the experience was new to me.

"You will bear me witness, Mr. Glyn," said Overton, "that I am detained here against my will; but I think it a piece of good fortune that you are detained with me."

"I will bear witness to nothing, sir," I replied, "until you have given me satisfaction for calling me a hound just now."

"Dear sir, pray forget that hasty expression. In my rage and amazement just now I would have called the commander-in-chief of the forces a hound. Pray accept every apology that a gentleman can make. I was quite beside myself, as you must have seen."

I saw that he was very anxious to conciliate me; for upon my testimony alone would rest the question of whether he voluntarily or involuntarily failed to appear at the meeting arranged for eight o'clock.

I also perceived the strength of my position, and a dazzling idea presented itself to my mind.

"I will agree," said I, "to testify to everything in your favor, if you will but promise me not to—not to—" I hesitated, ashamed to express my womanish fears for Giles Vernon's life; but he seemed to read my thoughts.

"Do you mean not to do Mr. Vernon any harm in the meeting which will, of course, take place the instant it can be arranged? That I promise you; for I never had any personal animosity toward Mr. Vernon. His blow, like my words just now, was the outburst of passion, and not a deliberate insult."

I was overjoyed at this; and as I sat, grinning in my delight, I must have been in strong contrast to Overton, in the very blackness of rage.

The minutes dragged slowly on, and we heard the clock strike six and seven. The dim light of a foggy morning stole in at the windows. Not a soul was stirring in the house; but on the stroke of eight a light step fluttered near the outer door. It was softly unlocked, and Lady Arabella entered, carefully locking the door on the inside, after her, this time. In the ghostly half-light Overton rose and saluted her with much ceremony.

"Lady Arabella Stormont," he said, "you have delayed the meeting between Mr. Vernon and myself just 24 hours. To do it you have put my honor in jeopardy, and that I shall not soon forget. I beg you to open the glass door and allow me to bid you farewell."

She stopped, as if paralyzed for a moment, when I, knowing the key to be in her pocket, deftly fished it out, and opened the door, and Overton walked out. She could not stop me—I was too quick for her—but she ran after me, and fetched me a box on the ear, which did more than sting my cheek and my pride. It killed, in one single instant of time, the boyish love I had had for her ever since the first hour I had seen her. I own I was afraid to retaliate as a gentleman should, by kissing her violently; but dashing on, I sped down the steps outside, after Overton, not caring to remain alone with the Lady Arabella. I saw her no more that day, nor until the afternoon of the next day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER ENGLISH MILK WAGONS.

Gorgeous Floats with Brass Churns and Ben Hur Drivers.

In English towns, a Canadian visitor declares in the Queen, the foreigner runs out to the pavement just to see that glorious chariot called a milk float go by—that gay bit of a two-wheeled thing, white and yellow, white and blue, or red, white and blue, with the shining brass churn erect at the side, the reins coming over the shining brass rail in front, the little square seat inserted at the rear, and the charioteer standing at the back like Ben Hur and driving as much like that hero as—in a modern town where even motor cars are unknown—is practicable.

Then the English milkman who comes on foot, with a modern yoke on his shoulders, and swinging at each side a brass-bound tin pail, in which is a queer little measuring dipper. Who could wish to have milk delivered in glass bottles, with a paper-sealed top, when he can have it measured at his door into his own jug in this quaintly curious fashion? What do microbes amount to when compared with the joy of the medieval!

Unreasonable Hubby.

In the olden times a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doomed man began to give his instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when she broke in upon the conversation and exclaimed: "By the by, John, whaur will I plant the tatties this year?" The unfortunate man, indignant at the indifference of his wife, exclaimed, angrily: "What need I care whaur ye plant them? I'm not likely to need any o' them." "Hech," replied the woman, turning to the warden with a wag of her head, "oour John's huffed because he's gaunt to be hanged the morn," and marched out of the cell.

Ruined the Cream.

"You dislike the automobiles that dash past here?" interrogated the windmill agent.

"Wal, I should say so," drawled the old farmer as he shook his fist at a rapidly vanishing machine.

"Those siren horns are blood curdling I suppose."

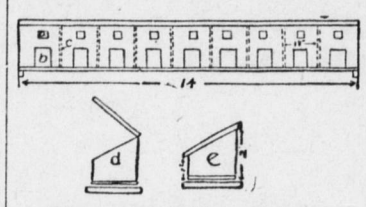
"Worse than that, stranger; they are milk curdling. Curdle all the milk in the dairy, begosh."

POULTRY AND BEES

NEST FOR HENS AND CHICKS.

Plan for Keeping the Chickens Separated While Laying and Sitting.

I have a set of nests for sitting hens that is cheap and keeps each hen where she belongs, says a writer in Farm and Home. Take two 12-inch boards 14 feet long for bottom and nail them to 2x4 crosspieces, to raise it off



Front and Side View of Nests.

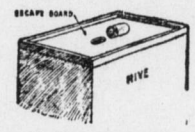
the ground. Then two 12-inch boards 14 feet long for front and one for the back. Make partitions, C, every 18 inches. Put on a top like a lid, as shown at D, with three hinges on front side, so it can be raised from the back. Cover the top with tin or roofing paper. Cut a hole, B, in front of each division seven inches square for hen to enter, and put the doors on hinges.

Also cut a hole, A, in top of each place four-inch square for ventilation, and hinge so it will drop down. Nail screen over top hole on inside, so when left open at night nothing can get in. Set it under a shed in early spring or out of doors as the season advances and set the hens in it. When they hatch remove the old nest, tack a lath across the opening, B, to confine the hen, and you have an ideal coop for the young chicks.

BEES STIMULATED BY FEED.

Nothing of More Vital Importance in Securing Satisfactory Surplus Than Healthy Colony.

There is probably nothing of more vital importance in securing a satisfactory surplus than having populous, healthy colonies at the opening of the flow, says a writer in Farm and Home. A strong colony will easily store twice the surplus of a medium one, and a weak colony during harvest is merely an ornament to the apiary. If the flow is late and some honey has been coming in regularly most colonies should, perhaps, of themselves build up and be ready for honey gathering. Should, however, the flow come early and outside conditions be unfavorable for



A Self-Feeder.

rapid breeding, a good share of the apiary, if left to their own devices, may be utterly worthless as far as storing surplus is concerned.

There are two times during which feeding to stimulate breeding may be desirable. One of these is before fruit bloom, and the other is in the interval between it and clover. Previous to fruit bloom there is not so much to be gained, but highly beneficial results can often be obtained by experienced beekeepers. Beginners wishing to try the earlier feeding should limit the test to a small part of the apiary.

THE BEES ARE SHORT LIVED.

The Life of This Industrious Little Worker Is Placed at One Month.

The life of a working bee is but a month, so at the end of winter the old bees rapidly die from old age. Various means are used to secure a force of young bees, such as spreading and equalizing brood, etc. Judicious stimulative feeding is safer and more reliable than all the rest, says a writer in Farm and Home. With a young, vigorous queen, a colony reduced to a mere handful can usually by this method be built up in an amazingly short time.

Stirring up the bees during early spring is always a heavy drain upon their energies and to avoid doing so the feeding should be done at night. If the weather be chilly the feed should be given warm. Do not attempt to feed during the day. Once stimulative feeding is begun three must be no stops till the weather becomes warm and settled and honey is coming in regularly. Erratic feeding is decidedly unprofitable.

The Cause of Limberneck.

Limberneck with chickens is caused by the birds eating decaying flesh or filth containing maggots. The maggots lodge in the throats of the birds, causing paralysis of the muscles of the neck and consequent inability to swallow food. When affected, the chicken remains inactive in one place for days at a time, without control of its neck or head. Since there is no longer power to take food or drink, it gradually dies of starvation and perhaps slow poisoning. Very few that become afflicted ever recover.

Not much can be done with a chicken suffering with limberneck. Soft bread soaked with turpentine or kerosene is said to be effective in removing the cause, if the case is taken in time.

For the Spelling Class.

"I prophesy an agreeable ecstasy in perceiving the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed postilion while gauging the symmetry of a potate peeled by a sibyl." Dictate this sentence and find how many of your friends will be able to spell it aright!

The Secret Out.

"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest a woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c.

Nearly all of the world's supply of asbestos comes from Canada.

Libby's Food Products

LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK

Contains double the Nutriment and None of the Injurious Bacteria so often found in So-called Fresh or Raw Milk.

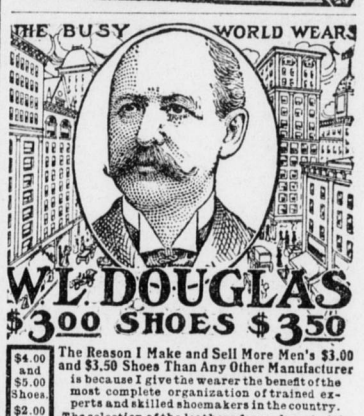
The use of **Libby's** Insures Pure, Rich, Wholesome, Healthful Milk that is Superior in Flavor and Economical in Cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the Purest, Freshest, High-grade Milk Obtained from Selected Carefully Fed Cows. It is pasteurized and then Evaporated, (the water taken out) filled into Bright, New Tins, Sterilized and Sealed Air Tight until You Need It.

Try LIBBY'S and tell your friends how good it is.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

CHICAGO



W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOES $3.50

$4.00 and $5.00 Shoes, $2.00 and $2.50 Shoes, Boys' Shoes $1.00 to $3.00

The Reason I Make and Sell More Men's $3.00 and $3.50 Shoes Than Any Other Manufacturer is because I give the wearer the benefit of the most complete organization of trained experts and skilled shoemakers in the country. The selection of the leathers for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making in every department, is looked after by the best shoemakers in the shoe industry. If I could show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.

My Method of Tanning the Soles makes them More Flexible and Longer Wearing than any others.

Shoes for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children. For sale by shoe dealers everywhere.

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. Catalogue Mailed Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 167 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON, MASS.

IF YOU'VE NEVER WORN
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
SLICKER
you've yet to learn the bodily comfort it gives in the wettest weather
MADE FOR HARD SERVICE AND GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
$3.00
AT ALL GOOD STORES
CATALOG FREE
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A MEMORIAL DAY ROMANCE

By J. F. HENDERSON

COL. LEVISON BRANT was a little startled by the news that his daughter was engaged to be married, subject to his fatherly approval. Still, he felt that there was no need for worry. Dorothy was 20, and since her mother's death had been left almost entirely to the care of her Aunt Mary at Poplarville, while her father was occupied with his business affairs in the city. It was natural, therefore, in her lack of adequate parental protection, that she should turn to matrimony as the most convenient and comfortable refuge.

Col. Brant had come down to Poplarville in response to an invitation to deliver the Memorial day address at the public exercises to be given under the auspices of his old Grand Army post. He had formerly been a resident of the town. That was before the growth of his business necessitated its removal to a larger field, and made it advisable for him to take up his abode in the city. Dorothy spent the greater part of her time in Poplarville. She was not partial to city life, especially as it separated her from Aunt Mary, who was a second mother to her, and from the old homestead, to which she was greatly attached.

It was Dorothy who met Col. Brant at the railway station when he arrived on the evening preceding the 30th of May, 1885, and it was Dorothy who blushingly confided to him, on their way to the house, that a very handsome and a very worthy young man had been paying court to her for two months past.

"He will call on you this evening, papa, to ask your consent, she said, softly.

"The deuce!" growled her father. "You have already given yours, I suppose?"

"Why, papa—of course."

And so it came about that Richard Challoner, the fortunate suitor for Dorothy's hand, called at the homestead that evening and was formally introduced to Col. Brant. He was indeed a handsome and dignified young man, whose frank geniality and courtly manners had already made a stanch ally of Aunt Mary and at once made an agreeable impression on the colonel. He was a budding young lawyer of unimpeachable Virginia stock, who had recently established himself in Poplarville for the practice of his profession and had bounded at once into popular favor.

In the course of the evening Col. Brant and young Challoner retired to the library on the second floor of the house to indulge in a quiet smoke and a private interview. Here Challoner broached the subject of his love for Dorothy, and soon gained the consent

It Was Dorothy Who Met Col. Brant.

of the grizzled old father to the proposed marriage. When they were leaving the room, after finishing their cigars, Challoner's attention was attracted to a picture on the wall, and he stopped to look at it. In a moment he seemed deeply interested. Then he caught his breath sharply, and gripped a chair to steady himself.

The picture was a painting in oils, evidently the work of an artist of more than ordinary talent. It was a war-time scene, representing a battlefield in perspective, with troops engaged in a running fight in the background, half obscured by clouds of smoke. In the foreground were the figures of two infantry officers who had crossed swords in a duel to the death. One of them wore the blue regimentals of the northern army; the other was clad in confederate gray; both were stalwart, typical soldiers. The artist had caught the spirit of the encounter; his genius had endowed it with life, action, atmosphere. The play of the muscles, the expression of the faces, the fire in the eyes of the combatants, were wonderfully realistic. The picture represented the exact moment when the federal officer, gaining a momentary advantage over his adversary, was ending the fight by driving his gleaming sword through the confederate's body.

"That painting," said Col. Brant, coming up behind Challoner and looking over his shoulder, "is no favorite of mine. It memorizes an episode in my career as an army officer that I would give worlds to forget. The artist was an eye-witness of the scene, and his portrayal is spoken of as the work of a master, but I should have destroyed the thing long ago if my sister had not begged permission to keep it. My sister is Dorothy's Aunt Mary, you know. She fully understands that it is not to be displayed on the wall when I am in the house, but I suppose this is a case of forgetfulness on her part."

He paused, but Challoner did not speak or move. In a sorrowful voice, the colonel continued:

"The picture is calculated to perpetuate the memory of a most regrettable affair. As you probably know, one of the nastiest skirmishes of the war took place only five miles from this spot. Poplarville was in a panic. But we managed to beat off the enemy, and they were soon in full retreat, with our boys in hot pursuit. At the very beginning of the chase the horse ridden by the young colonel of a rebel regiment stumbled and fell. I happened to be close behind this man when the accident occurred, and believing him to be badly hurt, I quickly dismounted to render him such assistance as I might. But apparently he was not hurt at all. With a yell he sprang to his feet and rushed upon me with drawn sword. Of course, I had to defend myself. Thr times during the fierce fencing that ensued I begged him to desist and avoid unnecessary bloodshed. Twice I was in a hair's breadth of being killed by his skillful onslaught; but in the end I was victorious, and he fell. I intended only to disable him, but, unfortunately, my blade passed clear through his body. Six weeks he was in the military hospital here before he finally succumbed, and his body now lies in the Poplarville cemetery. By the way," suddenly exclaimed the colonel, "his name was Challoner—Col. Challoner—the same name as yours, I believe. My God, sir, I hope he was not a relative—a—a—"

The words died on his lips, for at that moment the younger man turned slowly around and faced him. Richard Challoner was pale as death; his breath came in quick, excited gasps; his eyes shone with a fierce, vindictive glare.

"He was my father!" The words fairly hissed through his clenched teeth. "I am Col. Challoner's son. And you were the man who killed him—you—you! By God, sir, you shall answer to me for that act!"

Col. Brant was struck dumb with horror.

"My reason for coming to Poplarville to begin my business career," continued the young man, hoarsely, "was because my father lay in your cemetery here. I wanted to be near him—to care for his grave. I never dreamed—"

He broke off suddenly and seemed to restrain himself by a strong effort. Then, with a quick, nervous gesture, he turned on his heel, and without trusting himself to utter another word, he strode from the room. At the foot of the stairs he met Dorothy, who was waiting for him. The sight of his white face and blazing eyes startled her.

"Richard! Richard!" she cried.

He brushed past her without an answering sign, took his hat from the rack, and an instant later the hall door closed behind him.

The day which custom has set aside for the annual decoration of soldiers' graves dawned bright and beautiful. Poplarville was in holiday attire. The air was freighted with the perfume of flowers, the buildings were gay with bunting, flags floated at half-mast, and the Poplarville band discoursed patriotic music in the public square. Col. Lewiston Brant mingled with the veterans of his post, and not a few remarked his grave demeanor and the unusual sadness that seemed to have settled down upon him. Apparently he had aged ten years in as many hours. Col. Brant delivered his Memorial day oration with an eloquence born of deep feeling and sincerity. He moved all hearts by his simple, touching tribute to the heroes who had laid down their lives in their country's defense, and closed with this appeal:

"But while we are honoring our dead, let us not forget the graves of those other brave fellows whose resting place is in our cemetery—the men who were pitted against us in that awful struggle—who fell as devoted martyrs to a cause which they believed to be right. Remember them, also, with your flowers, your tears and your prayers."

In a secluded part of the cemetery that afternoon Richard Challoner stood alone beside a grave which was marked by a granite headstone bearing the name of his father. So occupied was he with his own gloomy thoughts that he did not notice the timid, hesitating approach of Dorothy Brant until she was within a few feet of him. He straightened up then, and greeted her with a solemn, courtly bow, while his cheek flushed. The girl was very pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. She carried an armful of roses, which she silently and reverently deposited on the dead confederate's grave. Then, facing the man opposite with a look of pitying appeal, she took from her bosom a letter and handed it across to him.

"Read this, Richard," she said, in a frightened, quivering voice. "It was written by your father to my mother many years ago, before I was born. It has been preserved among mamma's other treasures, left at her death. Aunt Mary found it last night, and I—we wanted you to see it, and—please don't refuse, Richard."

"Written by my father to your mother?" he said, slowly, with a deeply puzzled look.

"Yes, yes. Oh, please read it. It

Reverently Deposited on the Dead Confederate's Grave.

will help you to understand. This is my last request, Richard."

He said no more, but took the letter from its time-worn envelope and read:

Mrs. Levison Brant.—Dear Madam: It pains me to learn that your husband's supposed responsibility for my condition has almost prostrated you. Pray do not worry on that score. I assure you from my inmost soul that I not only forgive your husband, but I have already begged his forgiveness for forcing him to commit an act which he so deeply deplores. The fault was entirely my own, and I alone am the one who should suffer. Believe me, I am profoundly sorry for what happened, and it is not a sorrow that is influenced by selfish considerations, or the fear of death. Since I have been in this hospital Col. Brant has become my most valued and best-beloved friend. What he has done for me can never be told, but he has made me realize that there are true gentlemen at the north as well as in the south, and that he is one of the noblest men in the world. I thank you, dear madam, for giving me this opportunity to say that, so far from feeling resentment, I entertain only sentiments of warmest friendship and gratitude toward your husband. Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM CHALLONER.

The color came and went in the young man's face as he read, and the light in his eyes softened to a tender glow. Finishing, he crumpled the letter convulsively in his hand, and came round the headstone of the grave at a half-dozen quick strides.

"Dorothy," he cried, seizing her hand, "this is a glorious revelation to me. Let us hunt up your father at once. I will go down on my knees to him if you like. With you for a wife and Col. Brant for a father-in-law I shall be the happiest man in Poplarville."

The Veteran's Dream.

We met last night in the old post hall,
And some of the boys were sadly missed;
Twenty present, ah, that was all—
The rest had answered the great roll call
Out of eighty-nine on the charter list.
Then up spoke Bates of the Twenty-third,
Who had served all through till the war was done,
"It's a long time, boys, since their names I've heard,
And I move we call them one by one."
So they read each name and to my ear
Came words borne forth on the evening breeze—
It sounded to me like a faint: "Here, here."
And I knew they answered that roll call clear
From their resting place beneath the trees.

I seemed to see them all in line
Just touching elbows and standing straight;
Yes, each was there of the sixty-nine,
And I spoke to one old pal of mine
Who had left us along in ninety-eight,
And cried: "Old comrade, what means all this?"
Then he said as he tapped on his muffled drum:
"We are calling the names of the ones we miss—
The twenty boys who have not yet come."
Then he gave the order: "Right by twos."
And they smiled on me as they marched away;
But their "tramp, tramp, tramp" I did not lose—
Till old Bates shook me: "Having a snooze?
Come, old pard, I go home your way."

ONE AGREEMENT.

Mr. Henpeck—It's no use. We can't agree on a single subject.

Mrs. Henpeck—You're wrong, dear. I always agree with you on the weather.

The Grip of Spring.

During the last twenty years many of our citizens have been attacked in the spring months by grip. Some have had serious or slight attacks every year or two. All know it to be a dangerous disease. If Lane's Pleasant Tablets (which are sold at 25 cents a box by druggists and dealers) are taken when the first symptoms are felt, there is hardly a chance of the malady getting a foothold. If you cannot get them near home, send 25 cents to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free

A Quandary.

"A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me!" said Mrs. Cumrox. "Aren't you going to notify the police?" "I don't know what to do. It does seem rather classy to be robbed of jewelry; and yet I hate to have people think I'd ever miss a little thing like a necklace."

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Realism.

Artist—This picture I call "Pigs in Clover."

Critic—I see the pigs, but where is the clover?

Artist—The pigs ate it.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Murine Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

A Diplomat.

Mother—Aren't you ever going to get over fighting, Willie?

Willie—Yes'm, when I'm licked.

Particularly for Particular People.

Souders' Vanilla Extract is produced from fine Mexican Vanilla Beans—a pure, rich concentrated flavor. All grocers. Put up in 10, 15 and 25-cent bottles.

The Main Thing.

Poeticus—What age do you think most charming in a woman?

Cashit—A rich heritage.

Free! A 10c package of Garfield Tea to anyone mailing us this notice, with name and address, and names and addresses of 10 friends not now using the Ideal Laxative. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. For the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—John Foster.

Those who keep Hamlins Wizard Oil in the house do not have to buy any other remedy for sore throat. No other remedy will cure this trouble so quickly or so surely. Remember this.

Corns are proof that nature is capable of small, mean things.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When the calf kicks, 'tis time to thrash the cow.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES.
NUMBER 375 "Guaranteed"

Do You Love Your Child?

Then protect it from the dangers of croup to which every child is subject. Keep

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

in your home all the time, then you're ready for the sudden attacks of croup and colds. Neglect may cost you the life of your child. It's safest to be on your guard.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the best remedy known for croup; it gives quickest relief.

Sold everywhere in three size bottles

$1.00, 50c, 25c

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 924

Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—for thirty years these reports have been published all over America.

Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills—never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

Can any woman let prejudice stand between her and that which will restore her health? If you believe those who have tried it you know this medicine *does* cure.

Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I am a firm believer in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from organic female troubles for years, and almost despaired of ever being well again. I had bearing-down pains, backache, headache and pains in my abdomen, and tried Mrs. Pinkham's Compound as a last resort. The result was astonishing, and I have used it and advocated it ever since. It is a great boon to expectant mothers. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light so that women would read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their sufferings. "My husband joins me in its praise. He has used it for kidney trouble and been entirely cured."—Mrs. E. A. Bishop, 1915 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

"Not a crop failure in 18 years."
"Can raise more here than on Eastern land costing five times as much."
"Came here 4 years ago with $800; now have $4,500 in bank;"—Said of
Panhandle and South Plains Country.

The best land bargains to-day are found in the prosperous Southwest.

The Panhandle and South Plains region of northwest Texas offers good lands at the lowest prices in the Southwest.

You can't buy land there as cheaply this year as last, and it will cost more next year. So **the time to buy is now.**

I am not in the land business. The Santa Fe Railway employs me to help settle up the country along its lines. The service to you is **absolutely free.** I aim not to exaggerate. The truth about the Southwest is strong enough.

I consider the Panhandle and South Plains as unequaled for the **man with small means.** Likewise nothing better for the man with a big bank-roll. Both will prosper.

This country is no longer on the frontier. Thousands already have settled there. More are coming in on every train. You won't be lonesome, but you won't be crowded, **either.**

You ask what can be raised?

Beef, cereals, fruit—and other things.

The **average rainfall** is twenty-four inches, enough for raising crops without irrigation. The more brains you farm with, the bigger the yield. "Dry-farming" helps out some seasons.

I might talk on forever and not convince you half as much as by reproducing the testimony of Mr. W. M. Curfman, of Hereford, in the Texas Panhandle. He says:

"I came to Hereford four years ago and bought 640 acres of land nine miles southeast of town.

"Built me a house and broke about forty acres of land the first year. Sold $416 worth of produce off of same and had enough left to winter thirty-five head of cattle and horses. The second year had 120 acres in crop, and sold $802 worth of farm products and wintered forty-five head of stock. The fourth crop is not yet harvested, except the wheat and oats. The wheat and oats will bring me about $400, and expect to get about $1,000 out of the balance of the crop, besides wintering my stock.

"I now have 165 acres in cultivation. I raise wheat, oats, June corn, milo maize, kafir corn, sorghum, California wheat, millet and cotton, and all kinds of vegetables. **I came here with $800 and could make my check out now for $4,500."**

Mr. Curfman seems to be a satisfied man. You can do as well as he—perhaps better. May I help you get a home somewhere in this best of the few places in the United States where raw land may be bought for less than it is worth?

Cut out this advertisement. Mail it to me with your full name and address. I will then mail you illustrated land folders which tell the story in detail and send our homeseekers' monthly, *The Earth*, six months free. Questions promptly answered.

C. L. SEAGRAVES, Gen. Colonization Agt.
A. T. & S. F. Ry. System.
1170 J Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Western Canada

MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres of land to **each settler,**—160 free homestead and 160 at $3.00 per acre.

"A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people."—*Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, whose visit to Western Canada, in August, 1908, was an inspiration.*

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from $10.00 to $20.00 per acre as a result of one crop.

Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

H. M. WILLIAMS,
Law Building. Toledo, Ohio.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 21-1909.

Paxtine
TOILET ANTISEPTIC
—NOTHING LIKE IT FOR—

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

CATARRH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for **uterine catarrh.**

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

AN OKLAHOMA FARM

Buy a home in the Famous Washita Valley. Tracts from 10 to 2000 acres. Prices from $10 to $100 an acre. Write us. Washita Valley Land Company, Pauls Valley, Okla.

A BEAUTIFUL PIANO

AT A SACRIFICE, for the purpose of introduction. Only one piano in your locality can be secured on this plan. Write at once for application blank and description, enclosing this ad. THE BENNETT PIANO CO., Warren, Pa.

Breezy County News

SINNAMAHONING.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Jos. Summerson who has been working at Emporium returned home Saturday, and left for Mina, Wednesday morning.

R. D. Walker, who has been at Mina, Potter county, for some time, is home for a few days.

Ed. Losey and family stopped here and visited friends last week. They were on their way to Mina, where Mr. Losey has work.

Miss Theo. Penrith visited her mother over Sunday.

Mrs. J. V. Strayer, who has been quite ill is improving.

Mrs. Chas. Erickson and sons spent a day last week, in Renovo.

Miss Mabel Buchanan and Miss Iva Crum who are attending school at Emporium, were home over Sunday.

Rev. Runyon spent last Friday in Renovo.

Mrs. C. W. Gray and Miss Strohmeyer were in Emporium last Saturday, shopping.

Thad Brooks, of Driftwood, spent Sunday in town.

A. L. Ensign is improving his property by putting a metal roof on his house.

Miss Lizzie Floyd was the guest of Miss Bennettie Bennett, Sunday.

Miss Georgia Kephart has returned from Coudersport, where she attended the funeral of her grand-mother.

Mrs. T. S. Fulton and family are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Kissell at Sterling Run.

Mrs. Geo. P. Shafer is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Meade have rereturned to Wyside after an absence of several months.

Mrs. Sherd Meade visited Emporium the first of the week.

Mr. Arner the baker, is confined to his home with a severe attack of rheumatism.

X. X. X.

HUNTLEY.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Alonzo Duell and wife, of Dents Run, spent Sunday with the latters' parents.

The Driftwood callers this week were B. J. Collins, Mrs. F. Logue, C. J. Miller, L. H. Smith, Mrs. W. R. Smith, Ruth Sullivan and Walter Logue.

Mrs. Geo. Hill and daughter, of Grove Hill were visitors in town last week.

Sunday School was held at Huntley Church at 10:30 a. m., with good attendance.

Lawrence Smith has accepted a position as trackman under Foreman Johnson.

W. W. Johnson and Levi Smith were callers at Howards Sunday.

Miss Pearl Gaines, of Karthous, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. T. Smith.

Signalmen Smith and Bickel, of Sterling Run were business callers in town this week.

Ruth Sullivan was a Renovo visitor Saturday.

J. F. Sullivan and wife were Emporium visitors Monday evening.

Ralph Goodall recently from Derbyshire, England, is visiting his many friends in Huntley and Mason Hill. Ralph is looking fine and the sea voyage seems to have greatly improved his health.

Captain Roberts is nursing a sore arm after playing with the Sterling Run team against Driftwood last week.

John S. Jordan, the onion man, took a fine lot of the "Taft" onions to market Saturday, John is using "benzoate of soda" for fertilizer and says is works fine, He will use it for bear bait this fall too.

Clyde Collins, of Hicks Run, spent Sunday with his father.

Wayne Nelson is doing nicely with his insurance business and expects to handle some real estate deals in the near future.

J. F. Sullivan and family leave on Friday, May 28th. for Shawmut, Pa., where he has a position with the P. S. & N. R. R.

J. F. S.

For Sale.

Four horses, heavy weight, have been worked in woods. Will sell separate or in teams. Prices reasonable, apply to Frank Burdick, Mill street, St. Marys, Pa.

Found.

A sum of money and other property. Owner can have same by calling, describing property and money and paying for this adv. Box 39, Cameron, Pa. 15-2t.

Warning

All persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing upon the property of this Company without a permit from this office, or the Manager at the works.

KEYSTONE POWDER MFG. CO.
Emporium, Pa., August 1st 1903
24-t f.

Nervous or Sick Headaches will yield quickly to the influence of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. 25 doses 25 cents.

MEDIX RUN.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

Oscar Lenard, of Driftwood, visited his grand parents over Sunday, at this place.

Clarence English and wife, of Byrndale spent Sunday at this place.

Emmet Odgen who has been visiting relatives at Roaring Branch for a few days returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Ben Frances was a Hicks Run visitor Saturday.

Bernard Moore who has been working here for some time left one day last week for the west. We hope him success on his long journey.

Horace Smith who attended Odd Fellows Conventien at Harrisburg last week returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Arndt, of Cooks Run, is visiting relatives at this place.

L. B. Russell and wife were shopping in DuBois Friday.

Harry Chambers was a Driftwood visitor Saturday evening.

Mrs. Alfred March and children, of Galeton, is visiting at the home of her sister Mrs. Russell at this place.

Mrs. Calvin Coulbun and daughter Jennie were Falls Creek visitors Thursday.

James Fye of our vicinity has moved to DuBois.

Ed. Moore and Horace Smith attended I. O. O. F., lodge at Benezette Saturday evening.

Chas. Arndt and wife have gone to keeping house on Brooklyn side, in part of L. B. Russell's residence.

A nunber of young people from Benezette attended the dance here Thursday night.

Mr. Stoner and wife, of St. Marys are visiting friends in town.

X. X. X.

STERLING RUN.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

John Berry who was quite ill the past week with acute indigestion is able to be around again.

A surprise party was given Mrs. Laura A. Smith, Friday, in honor of her 59th birthday. She received numerous presents and 80 post cards. All had a very enjoyable time and we hope that she may have many more happy birthdays.

Mrs. Myrtle Harrison and daughter Vivian visited friends and relatives in town the past week.

Mrs. Anna Housler and Mrs. Minnie Quinn, of Emporium, and Mrs. Lyle Pondas and Edith Eddings, of Hicks Run, and Jennie Berry, of Corry, all daughters of Mrs. Wm. Berry visited her on Friday, her 59th birthday.

Nora Jordan and Alice Strawbridge were Emporium visitors the past week.

Mrs. Julia Strawbridge and Mrs. Jane Devling attended the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Maranda Lewis at Emporium Sunday.

Leonard Smith and John May are painting their houses which will be quite an improvement to the town.

J. A. Dice and wife visited at Harrisburg Saturday bring some very beautiful flowers home with them. He is very fond of flowers and always has a very beautiful yard.

Mrs. Woodriff who formerally lived near Philadelphia, came Monday and will make her home with her sister Mrs. Maggie Chapman.

Carlton Smith visited his parents J. E. Smith and wife over Sunday.

Miss R. L. Brink is visiting relatives at Philadelphia this week.

A cousin of J. A. Dice visited him over Sunday.

John Wade, of Meadville, visited his parents Owen Wade and wife a few days the past week.

Mrs. Geo. Hulsinger and son, of Renovo is the guests of her parents Joseph Kissel and wife.

Mrs. J. H. Dar.en has been suffering with a bad cold the past week.

BLUE BELL.

CAMERON.

H. W. Mitchell, dentist, Emporium.

D. H. Robinson and son, of Calder made a business trip to Emporium this week.

Sheriff J. W. Norris made a business trip to this place Thursday.

L. C. Summerssn, of Sterling Run, made repairs on the tower this week.

Mr. Robinson and Miss Cook, of Emporium, visited John McFadden and wife Monday.

Dr. Bush had a professional call in town Tuesday.

G. L. Page and family, of Warren, visited relatives and friends here Sunday.

Grant Walker caught a pickeral 16 inches long in Hunts Run, Monday evening. This is the first of its kind to be caught in these waters in a good many years.

Alev. McDougall's team of Emporium driven by John Ebersole came near getting away in another runaway Tuesday afternoon, at the junction of the state and county roads. As it was the wagon was upset and partly broken, and part of supplies which were on wagon partly ruined. No one seriously injured except Johnny's hostler, who had his arm sprained by being thrown out of wagon.

LOUISE.

Have a few pounds of Prunes and can of Squash for 10c, at C. B. Howard & Co's.

NORTH CREEK.

W. H. Mitchell, Dentist, Emporium.

It looks as if Jack Frost had cheated us out of some apples. We've had some pretty heavy frosts this week.

Will Spence spent Sunday in Emporium.

Burton Moore, of Hicks Run, spent Saturday and Sunday with Fred Solveson and family.

Floyd Barton and wife were visitors at V. M. Dows last Friday.

Mrs. Ernest Housler went to Sterling Run Saturday on account of the illness of one of her brothers there.

Ethel Britton and Burton Moore were out taking in the sights Sunday evening.

Mary Moon and Olive Cool were calling on neighbors Tuesday.

Laura Brundage and Mrs. S. Housler attended missionary meeting on Rich Valley Wednesday.

Walter Smith was an Emporium visitor Tuesday.

Frank Chandler has been working for V. M. Dow this week.

The first auto traveling on our streets was seen Sunday, loaded down with a jolly crowd out for a good time.

Ethel Britton and Reuben Solveson were in the City Friday.

Allen Russel and wife, of Four Mile, called on Fred Solveson Sunday.

Otto Nellis, of Emporium, was on our streets Tuesday.

Alzina Britton was a visitor on Laura Brundage Wednesday.

Frank Chandler found the first stalk of ginseng of the season Wednesday.

Johnny McClenahan was a visitor at Willis McClenahan's Tuesday.

LEZAH ATSUGUA.

AN INTERRUPTED BATH.

How Sherman Caught Five Thousand Confederates In Adam's Garb.

"Inch by inch," relates an ex-Confederate, "the gray jackets had retired from the Tennessee mountains, contesting every vantage ground down to Kenesaw. But, strive as they might, the advancing column of Sherman's legions was too much for them, and even from the heights of Kenesaw mountains we were driven down through the Allatoona hills to the Chattahoochee river. On July 18, 1864, dusty and battle stained, we stood on the banks of that stream and gazed upon its waters rolling along far below. Masking our cannon on the bluff that overlooks Nickajack creek, we made a break for the river. The water was so alluring that we would have plunged into it had the risk of being surprised by the enemy been even greater.

"In a few minutes the river was full of naked 'rebs' disporting in the waters so deliciously cool after that long, hot march through the Allatoona hills. We were only 600 or 700 yards above the mouth of Nickajack, and the water was quite shallow, as the long drought had brought the river down.

"Suddenly from the direction of Nickajack there was a 'pow, pow, pow.' Imagine the amazement with which we beheld a squadron of Federal cavalry at the mouth of the Nickajack blazing away at us with their carbines and only prevented from completing our surprise by their inability to ascend the almost perpendicular bluff that rose on our side of the stream. There were some 5,000 of us, but our numbers counted little when we had not even the protection of an undershirt from those vicious bullets, and none of us knew what moment some gun might prove superior and send a ball into some of our naked bodies. Our bath was spoiled, and never did 5,000 men dress more quickly than we did.

"In a twinkling we were in line, and the waters of the Chattahoochee were gliding along again undisturbed. We stood off the Yankees until night and all the next day, when Sherman moved up the river, and we changed our position accordingly." — Atlanta Constitution.

The Phantom Army.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping step to a muffled hum
Of wailing lamentation—
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the unknown dead, the men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of prison pen.
And marching beside the others
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright.
I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered head
Of their silent, grim Reviewer,
With never an arch but the vaulted sky,
With not a flower save those which lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gift that was proper or truer.

So all night long moved the strange array;
So all night long till the break of day
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spoke—and, lo, that sign
Wakened me from my slumber!
—Bret Harte.

Work Fascinating.

There is an indescribable fascination about work. The laziest man in town will stand watching with evident enjoyment the labors of a street gang laying pavement.—Fort Worth Record.

Suits the Case.

"That prisoner over yonder, warden, has rather a mischievous look."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, quite a roguish expression."—Baltimore American.

SALE OF ELEGANT EMBROIDERIES

We made a fortunate purchase of several thousand yards of very handsome Swiss and Cambric Embroidery, both Edging and in Insertion, which we are able to sell much under regular price

4 inch Cambric Edge, Regular price 10c, Sale per - 6½
7 inch Cambric Edge, Regular price 15c, Sale price 10c
7½ inch Cambric and Swiss edge, Reg. 20c, Sale price 12c
12 inch Cambric & Swiss edge, Reg. 30c, Sale price 19c
17 inch Cambric & Swiss edge Reg. 35c, Sale price 25c
1½ to 2 in. Cambric & Swiss Insertion Reg. 20c, Sale price 12c
2 to 3 in. Cambric & Swiss " Reg. 25c, Sale price 15c
2 to 2½ inch Swiss Insertion, 30c, Sale price 19c

The Latest in Umbrellas

Extra long handles are the newest feature in fashionable umbrellas. We offer splendid quality and styles at **$1.98**

Dutch Collars

Excellent quality and beautiful designs in Embroidered Dutch Collars are now on sale at our Lace counter at each **25c**

Long Coats

If you are in need of a new stylish long coat, made of up to date material. We can have one made to your measure. Come and see the styles.

Emporium Pillow Tops

Pillow tops showing 12 views of our town, printed on white satin, (washable) make a pretty present to send to out of town friends. Each. **50c**

A HANDSOME WHITE UNDERSKIRT FREE

With every one of our stylish Cloth Suits we will give a fine White Underskirt absolutely FREE.

Silk Kimonas

We offer long Silk Kimonas made of Japanese silk, nicely trimmed at the very low price of **$3.00**

Samples of above bargains in Embroideries, mailed to out of town customers.

R. KUEHNE
EMPORIUM'S GREATEST STORE

Mail Orders receive prompt Attention.

More Trouble for Sullivan.

Enginemau Kepperly calls halt on stopping at HY tower, claims to officials that he is being imposed upon. Sullivan called to account. Engineman Kepperly like Conductor Brown wants to know why and wherefore. As Sullivan is leaving HY soon, he is excused with a reprimand, providing he can appease Kepperley's anger. He tries to do this in verse, and here are the verses:

Only a few days more, John, only a few days more,
'Till Sullivan will leave the "pike" and your troubles will be o'er,
We know how hard its been, John, to stop train sixty-one,
At HY Tower, most every day, you bet it is no fun.

We know just how you feel, John, it fairly racks your soul,
To see the brake shoes wearing out and burning extra coal,
You've stood it like a man, John, 'till you could stand no more,
All just for one poor "wire man", no wonder you are sore.

But did you ever think, John, how much you owe to us?
Your very life is in our hands, we never make a fuss,
But guard you faithfully night and day, in sunshire or in storm,
Our watchful eyes are on your train to keep you all from harm.

One little word in error made, a signal given wrong,
A misplaced switch, disaster brings, "death's hand" quick follows on,
These matters may look small to you, I'll not your words deny,
But don't you think you're partly paid for stopping at HY.

We live up in the woods, John, far from the haunts of men,
No store have we when hunger comes, our troubles never end,
Our pay is small, "The Grocery Trust" takes all we can invest,
Except a small amount for clothes, and the chickens eat the rest.

The "simple life" is all a fake, unless you have the price,
To buy an auto or a horse, and then, of course, its nice,
But we poor folks cannot enjoy the blessings of the rich,
By the "installment plan" we live, I tell you its no sinch.

But we are going to leave you, John, and go to foreign shores,
Where stores and schools and churches are, we'll stop your trains no more,
So keep your temper, Johnny dear, there is better times in store,
For Sullivan soon will "hit the grit" then you can smile once more.

PLYMOUTTH ROCK.

We are informed that Brother Kepperley has accepted Brother Sullivan's explanation and peace reigns once more on the Renovo Division, verily, "a soft answer turneth away wrath"

J. F. S.

Painting and Pape Hanging.

I do reliable and durable painting, interior and exterior natural wood finishing, graining, paper hanging, artistic and plain decorating. Twenty-six years practical experience enables me to give you the BEST at the LOWEST COST.

I can supply you with the best paint on the market and pure white lead. Would be pleased to show you the latest things in wall paper. All labor and material guaranteed just as represented.

8-tf. F. H. PEARSALL.

If you want to feel well, look well and be well, take Foley's Remedy. It tones up the kidneys and bladder, purifies the blood and restores health and strength. Pleasant to take and contains no harmful drugs. Why not commence to-day? Sold by all druggists.

For Sale.

A desirable property, on East Fourth St., Emporium. Lot 60x120; improved by two dwelling houses. Excellent location; next door to Schlecht's Greenhouse. Apply to

MRS. ELLA MCSWANN,
37-tf. Emporium Pa.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, small gentle and sure. Sold by all druggists.

A CARD

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Noled's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills quickly relieve backache, weak back, pains in the groin, rheumatism, etc. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for free trial box. Sold by all Druggists.

Little attacks of indigestion are what bring on other ailments, such as acute indigestion, chronic dyspepsia, and even more serious permanent illness. Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. Sold by all druggists.

Many weak, nervous, women have been restored to health by Foley's Kidney Remedy as it stimulates the kidneys so they will eliminiate the waste matter from the blood. Impurities depress the nerves, causing nervous exhaustion and other ailments. Commence to-day and you will soon be well. Pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

Just received a new line of men's pants at C. B. Howard & Co's.

Chamberlain's Liniment.

This is a new preparation and a new one. It is especially valuable as a cure for chronic and muscular rheumatism, and for the relief of pain which it affords in acute inflamatory rheumatism. Those who have used it have invariably spoken of it in the highest terms of praise Lame back, lame shoulder and stiff neck are due to rheumatism of the muscles, usually brought on by exposure to cold or damp, and are quickly cured by applying this liniment freely and massaging the affected parts. Soreness of muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is allayed by this liniment. For sale by Taggart.

Paper Hanging.

We desire to announce that we are now ready to do paper hanging and painting. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Fine line of wall paper samples. A postal card addressed to us will be all that is necessary. We'll find you.

WORMUTH & DIXON,
2-tf. East Emporium, Pa.

Hoarseness, bronchitis and other throat troubles are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar as it soothes and heals the inflamed throat and bronichial tubes and the most obstinate cough disappears. Insist upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold by all druggists.

Rev. I. W. Williamson's Letter.

Rev. I. W. Williamson's Huntington, W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all you claim for it." Foley's Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take. Sold by all druggists.

Foley's Kidney Remedy

Cures Backache, Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

It corrects irregularities, strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood and tones up the whole system.

Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at once and avoid Bright's Disease or Diabetes. 50. and $1.00 bottles.